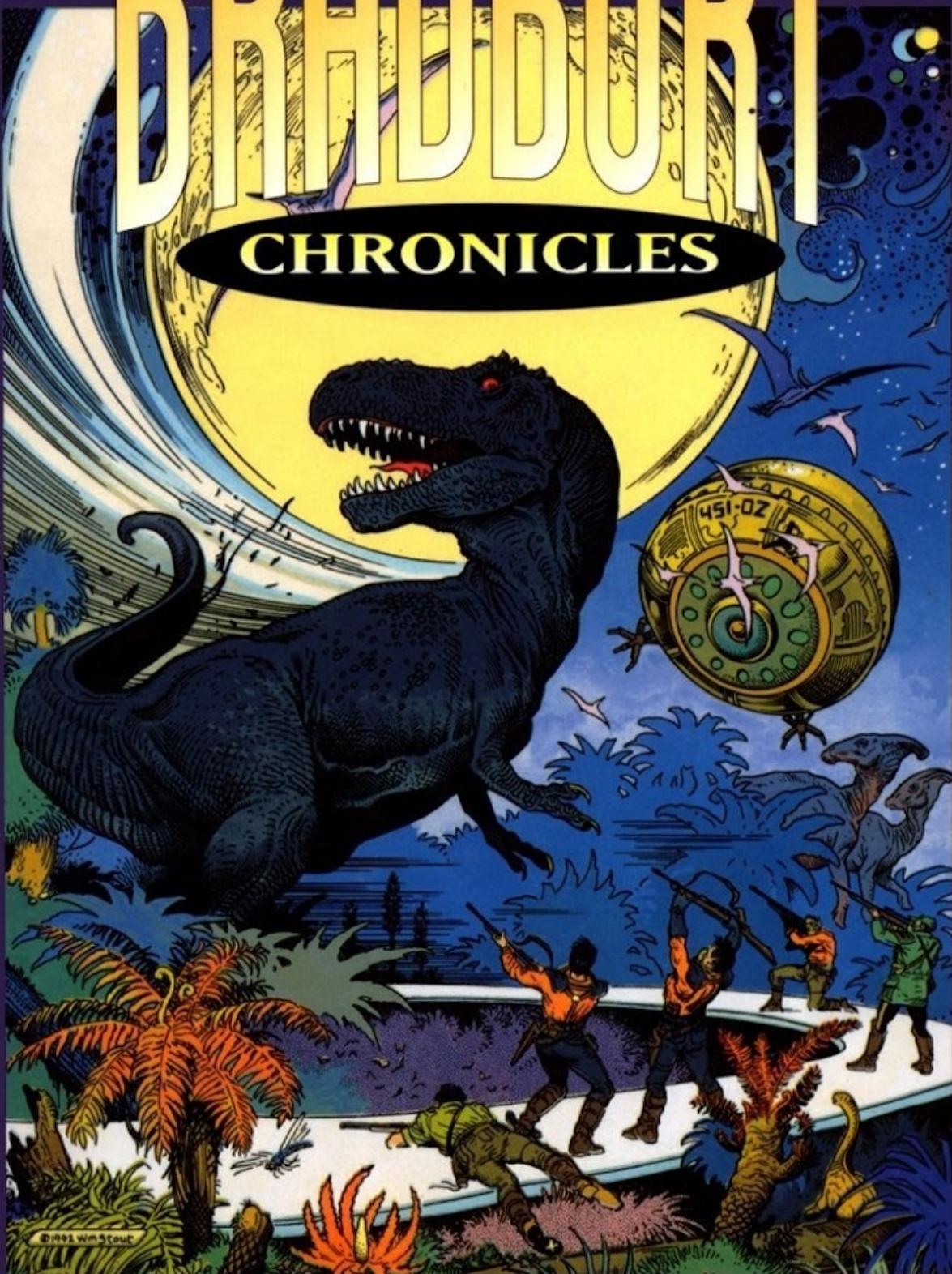


THE RAY  
**BRADBURY**  
CHRONICLES



☞ VOLUME 4 ☚

RICHARD CORBEN • HARVEY KURTZMAN  
MATT WAGNER • SEAN PHILLIPS • GARCES  
JACK DAVIS • AL WILLIAMSON

RAY  
**BRADBURY**  
CHRONICLES

HORROR

I

It Burns Me Up

II

Touched by Fire

III

A N E.C. CLASSIC

The Black Ferris



NANTIER • BEALL • MINOUSTCHINE  
*publishing inc.*  
*new york*

A BYRON PREISS VISUAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. BOOK

DANIEL BRERETON's first major work, *The Black Terror* for Eclipse, won him the Russ Manning Award for Best Newcomer. Since then he has lent his emotive, fast-paced painting style to DC's *The Psycho* mini-series, an adaption of Clive Barker's *Dread* for Eclipse, and covers for various companies. He is currently illustrating the new *World's Finest* series for DC.

HARVEY KURTZMAN wrote, drew and edited comics for most of his life. He died in February 1993. Known most widely as the creative force behind the original *Mad* magazine and its mascot, Alfred E. Neuman, Kurtzman has taught and influenced several generations of comic book artists. He recently was the editor of *The New Two-Fisted Tales*, the 1990s version of the classic E.C. war comic, also being produced by Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. for Dark Horse Comics. "To historians of pop culture," observed the New York Times Book Review, "Mr. Kurtzman is one of the most important figures in postwar America."

MATT WAGNER is a ten-year veteran of the comic book field who is best known for his own creations, *Grendel* and *Mage*. He is currently writing a new monthly for DC/Vertigo entitled *Sandman Mystery Theatre* as well as other projects involving his *Grendel* characters. He lives with his wife, family and two cats in Portland, Oregon.

SEAN PHILLIPS's published work includes *Judge Dredd* and *Devlin Waugh* for Britain's Fleetway Editions and *Hellblazer* and *Doom Patrol* for DC Comics. He is currently illustrating Dean Motter's graphic novel *The Infernal Machine*, and drawing *Kid Eternity*, a monthly publication, both for DC/Vertigo.

JACK DAVIS came to New York in 1949 to study at the Art Students League and was snatched up at EC by Bill Gaines for the next eight years. During that period his atomic brush churned out a mountain of drawings with that one-of-a-kind style—crisp and clean.

HEATHER BROWN is an award-winning Canadian designer and illustrator who has worked in animation, publishing and the music industry. She colored *The Flying Machine* in the second volume of *The Ray Bradbury Chronicles*.

### ***It Burns Me Up!***

Adapted by Harvey Kurtzman & Matt Wagner

Lettered by Tim Sale

### ***Touched By Fire***

Adapted by Sean Phillips

Lettered by Willie Schubert

### ***The Black Ferris***

EC Classic Version

Adapted by Jack Davis

Newly colored by Heather Brown

Special thanks to Don Congdon,

Dan Martin at Sprintout,  
and Uncle Ray.

Executive Editor: Byron Preiss

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## INTRODUCTION

"It Burns Me Up" is simply a word association sort of story that I experimented with often over the years. You take a character and put him in an impossible position and see what happens. In this case the person telling the story is dead, which is a little bit difficult. But think about a film like "Sunset Boulevard." That's also narrated by a dead man, who's lying in a swimming pool when the story begins. So I took the challenge and wrote the story.

The illustrators for the story, as you will see, have met the challenge beautifully.

"Touched With Fire" was the result of my reading an item in the newspaper over thirty years ago, concerning the temperature at which certain kinds of crimes were committed. Evidently there had been a study made by several police groups around the country in which they found that the crime rate went up when the temperature reached somewhere around 92 or 93 degrees.

That immediately sparked me into running to the typewriter and establishing the temperature and bringing some people on-scene to see what would happen. They might be provoked into murder by the fact there was an irritable woman and a terribly hot day.

"The Black Ferris" is the result of my childhood with circuses and carnivals. When I was five years old my mother took me on a carousel that terrified me. I think I screamed and yelled until they finally got me off the machine. This was a great way to start my relationship with strange people in strange places.

Later in my life, when I was twelve, I met a man named Mr. Electrico. He, in turn, influenced me in writing a number of short stories and finally the novel "Something Wicked This Way Comes." That novel is based on "The Black Ferris." I took the short story and spent three years turning it into the longer piece of work.

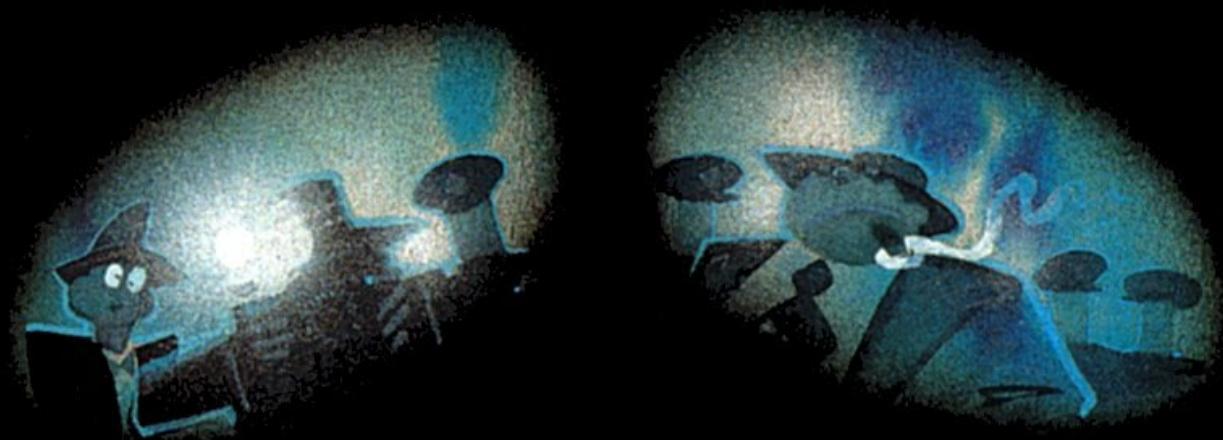
*Ron Bradbury*

# IT BURNS ME UP!

I AM LYING HERE IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM AND I AM NOT ANGRY. IN ORDER FOR A MAN TO BE ANGRY HE MUST RECOGNIZE SOME STIMULUS FROM OUTSIDE WHICH TOUCHES HIS NERVES. THE NERVES FLASH, AND THE BRAIN KICKS BACK QUICK ORDERS TO ALL PARTS:

EYELASHES PULL BACK, EYES PROTRUDE! PUPILS DILATE! MOUTH PULL BACK FROM TEETH! BROW FURROW! HEART BEAT! BLOOD SURGE!

BUT MY EYELIDS WON'T PULL BACK.



DETECTIVES ARE SWAGGERING ABOUT MY HOUSE, SWEARING IN THE ROOMS, HONKING IN THE NIGHT, DRINKING FROM BOTTLES IN THE ALLEY. REPORTERS ARE FLASHING QUICK BULBS AT MY RELAXED BODY. NEIGHBORS ARE PEERING IN THE WINDOWS. MY WIFE IS LYING IN A CHAIR, TURNED AWAY FROM ME, AND SHE IS VERY GLAD. YOU UNDERSTAND, THEN, I HAVE JUST REASON TO BE MAD. BUT NOTHING RESPONDS. THERE IS ONLY A COLD WEIGHTLESSNESS OVER AND THROUGH ME.

I AM DEAD.

THESE PEOPLE ARE FRAGMENTS OF MY BLOODLESS DREAMING. THEY MOVE ABOUT ME LIKE CARNIVORES LUSTING OVER THE HOT SPILLED BLOOD OF KILLING AT NIGHT. A LITTLE BLOOD WILL INK A MILLION PRINTING DRUMS. A LITTLE BLOOD IS ENOUGH TO POUND THIRTY MILLION LITERATE HEARTS. TONIGHT I HAVE DIED. TOMORROW I WILL DIE AGAIN IN THIRTY MILLION BRAINS, CAUGHT LIKE A FLY IN A WEB, SUCKED DRY BY THE MULTI-TENTACLED PUBLIC AND FLUSHED ON THROUGH THE TRANSITS OF THEIR MINDS.

HERE ARE THE VULTURES CIRCLING OVER ME. THE CORONER, CASUALLY EXAMINING MY VITALS, THE HYENA NEWSMEN DIGGING AT THE DEAD THOUGHTS OF MY LOVE. CARNIVORES, PRUNING THEIR MANES.



PERHAPS MY WIFE IS THE CLEVEREST OF THEM ALL.



SHE RESEMBLES NOTHING MORE THAN A SMALL SOFT LEOPARD WHISKERING AND LICKING ITSELF, PLEASED WITH ITS ACTIONS.



THE DETECTIVE IMMEDIATELY OVERHEAD NOW IS A LARGE LIPPED MAN. ONCE IN A WHILE HIS CIGAR DROPS GRAY ASH ON MY COAT.



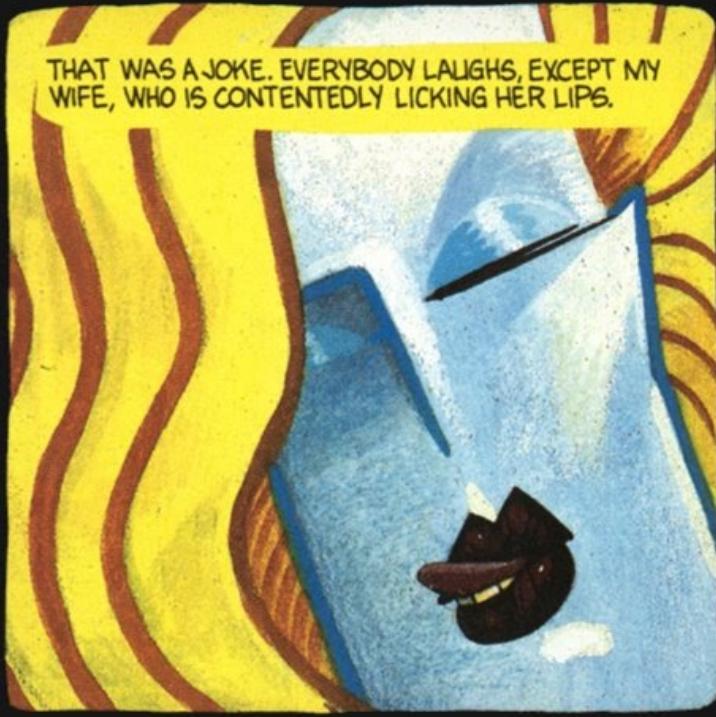
WELL, SO HE'S DEAD. HELL, WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT! MY WIFE'LL KILL ME! MORE DAMN MURDERS...



DIED QUICKLY. THAT KNIFE CERTAINLY DID THINGS TO HIS THROAT. AND THEN, WHOEVER DID IT STABBED HIM THREE TIMES IN THE CHEST. IMPRESSIVELY BLOODY.







MRS. MCLEOD FROM NEXT DOOR IS OUTSIDE ON FAT TIPTOE, HER SHINING GRAY EYES HIPPOPOTAMUSLIKE IN THE NIGHT. SHE IS SHIVERING ON PURPOSE.

WAIT  
UNTIL I WRITE  
SUSAN IN  
SPRINGFIELD. WILL  
SHE BE JEALOUS!

I TELL YOU,  
THOUGH, ANNA, COME  
LOOK-- SEE THAT MAN WITH  
THE FAT UNDER HIS CHIN. HE DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE A DETECTIVE TO ME. HE LOOKS  
LIKE A BAD GUY, A VILLAIN. NOW TAKE  
THAT YOUNG REPORTER, I BET HE'LL  
BE THE ONE WHO REALLY SOLVES  
THE CASE.

JUST LOOK AT  
THAT WOMAN OVER  
THERE IN THE CORNER.  
I BET SHE WAS HIS  
MISTRESS, NOT  
HIS WIFE--

GET  
AWAY FROM  
THE WINDOW,  
LADY!

WELL, I  
GUESS I GOT A RIGHT  
TO LOOK IN!

LADY,  
MOVE  
ALONG.

YOUNG  
MAN, I--

THAT WILL DO,  
MRS. MCLEOD,  
THAT WILL DO  
FOR A LONG  
TIME.

THE REPORTER, CARLTON, IS NOW ATTRACTED TO MY WIFE AS A PLANET IS TO THE SUN. THE REPORTER IS FAST, BUT MY WIFE WON'T BE PUSHED INTO ANYTHING. SHE SAYS IT PURRINGLY.

I CAME HOME  
FROM THE NIGHTCLUB  
AND THERE HE WAS, STARING  
AT THE CEILING. THAT IS  
ALL I KNOW.

THE OTHER REPORTERS SCRIBBLE, TOO. THEY HAD NOT GOTTEN A THING FROM HER UNTIL HANDSOME CARLTON SHOWED UP.

YOU SING AT THE NIGHTCLUB, BOMBA?

YES, I'M A VERY GOOD SINGER.

ONCE I HAD A CHANCE WITH THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY. BUT I DON'T LIKE THEM.

SOMEBODY OUTSIDE HOISTS A SMALL GIRL UP TO THE WINDOW.

MOVE ALONG, LADY, PLEASE!

OH, MAMA, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT MAN?

OH, MAMA!

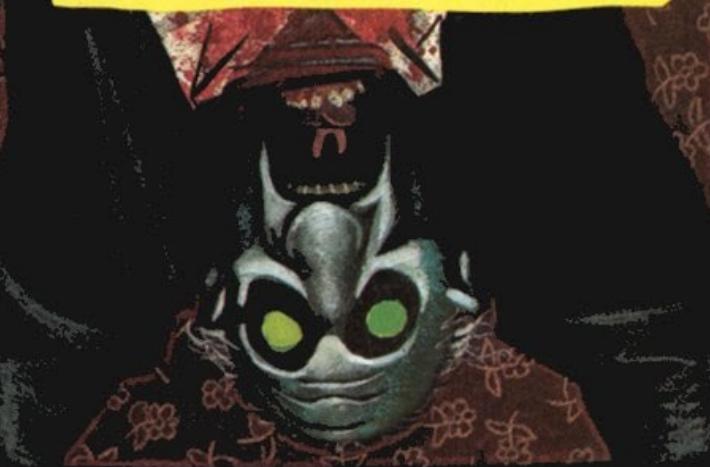
I BEEN ON MY FEET ALL EVENING AND I'M TIRED. MOVE AWAY--

CAN IT, CAN IT! I'M THE ONE WHO INTERVIEWS HER, NOT YOU, BOZO!

BUT YOU WANT A GOOD REPORT FOR THE PAPERS, DON'T YOU? WITH PICTURES? SURE! AND I GOT TO GET DETAILS.

THE CORONER AND THE DETECTIVE ARE BOTH IRKED BECAUSE THE LIMELIGHT HAS SWIVELED FROM THEM TO THIS CHITTERING DIVERTISSEMENT. THE DETECTIVE ESPECIALLY IS ANNOYED BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO PRY ANYTHING FROM MY WIFE AND NOW THIS YOUNG REPORTER--

I AM NOW IMMORTAL! CALIGHT IN THAT CHILD'S MIND I SHALL BE DEAD FOREVERMORE, AND ON DARK NIGHTS I WILL STRIDE DRUNKENLY THROUGHOUT THE SHIVERING CORRIDORS OF HER BODY. SOME NIGHT HER HUSBAND WILL FEEL HER FINGERNAILS IN HIS FLESHY ARM AND THAT WILL BE ME, CLUTCHING OUT AGAIN AT LIFE!



MY WIFE HAS A THIRTY-THREE BUST, TWENTY-EIGHT WAIST, THIRTY-ONE HIPS. HE IS GETTING THESE DETAILS FINE. REMIND HIM, SOMEONE, TO CALL HER UP AFTER THE FUNERAL.





THE CORONER, AFTER ALL, HAS THE RIGHT TO MAKE HIS LITTLE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. ONE OF THE REMAINING REPORTERS PIPES IN.

SAY, SHERLOCK,  
YOU THINK THIS  
IS A SUICIDE  
SETUP?

IF YOU  
ASK ME--

I AIN'T  
ASKING.

HOW WOULD YOU  
EXPLAIN  
THEM STAB WOUNDS?

I SEE IT  
THIS WAY...

SHE COMES  
HOME, FINDS HIM  
FRESHLY DEAD ON THE  
FLOOR HAVING JUST  
KILLED HIMSELF.

THAT EXPLAINS HOW  
SHE HAS NO BLOOD ON HER. SHE  
THEN TOOK THE SUICIDE WEAPON AND  
STABBED HIM THREE TIMES IN A FRENZY OF--  
SHALL WE SAY--DELIGHT? SHE WAS GLAD TO  
FINALLY LET HERSELF GO. THERE'S NO BLOOD  
IN THESE STAB WOUNDS, THAT PROVES  
HE WAS STABBED LATER, AFTER  
SHE FOUND HIM.

YOU'RE  
DEAD  
WRONG!

THAT'S  
NOT THE WAY  
IT WORKED AT ALL!  
NOT AT ALL!

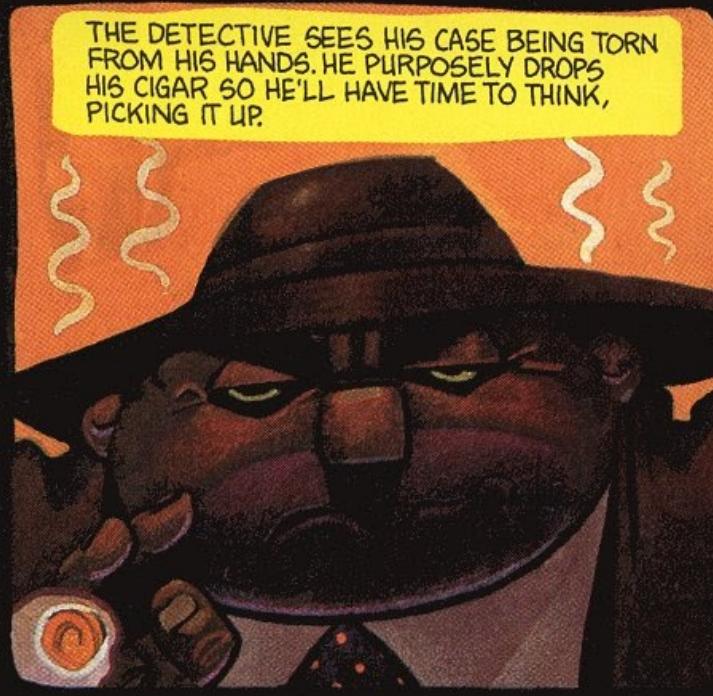
**SMAK!**

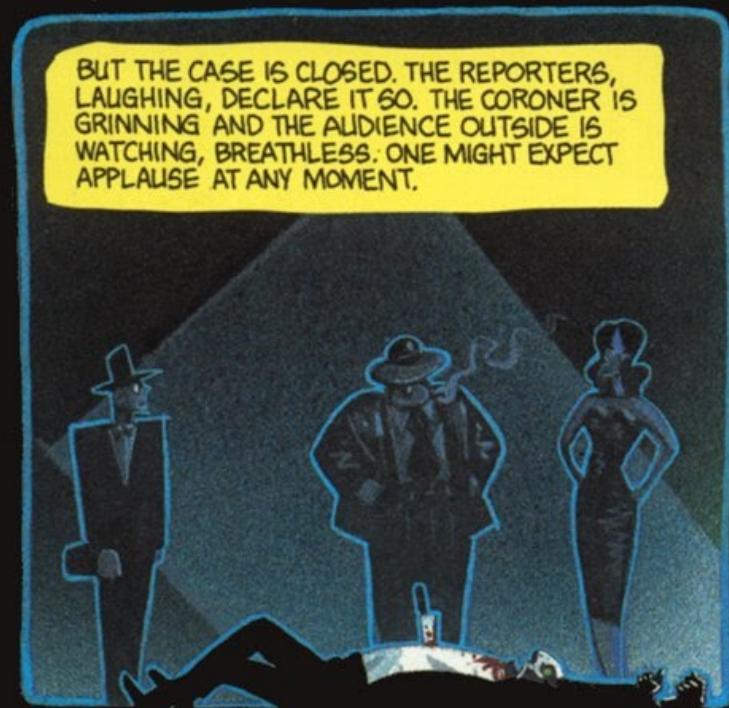
THE CORONER  
CHUCKS ME  
IN THE RIBS.  
I LOOK BACK  
WITH NOTHING  
IN MY EYE6.

OH, BUT THE  
CORONER IS RIGHT!  
HE'S EXACTLY  
RIGHT!

NOW, WAIT  
A MINUTE...

**KICK!**





I'M ALONE NOW.

IN A FEW MINUTES A COUPLE OF INTERNs WILL COME IN IN THEIR WHITES, CHEWING GUM. THEY'LL GLANCE CASUALLY AT ME, TILT ME OVER ONTO A STRETCHER LANGUIDLY, AND TROT ME DOWNTOWN IN A SLOW WAGON-- NO HURRY.

AND A WEEK FROM NOW A MAN WHO IS WORRYING ABOUT HIS INCOME TAX WILL TURN A HANDLE AND FLAMES WILL BURN ME. I WILL RUSH UP THE FLUE OF THE CREMATORY IN SO MANY GRAY FLECKS.

AND WITH SOME SORT OF IRONIC JUSTICE, AND THE PROVIDENCE OF A STIFF MARCH WIND, A WEEK FROM NOW, WHEN THESE VARIOUS PEOPLE--

CARLTON,

MY WIFE,

THE DETECTIVE,

THE CORONER,

THE REPORTERS,

MRS. MCLOED--

WHEN ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE CROSSING THE STREET, MAYBE SUDDENLY THEY'LL GET SOMETHING IN THEIR DAMNED EYES! ALL OF THEM!

LITTLE PIECES OF  
GRAY ASH, MAYBE.

H. Kurtz  
M. WAGNER

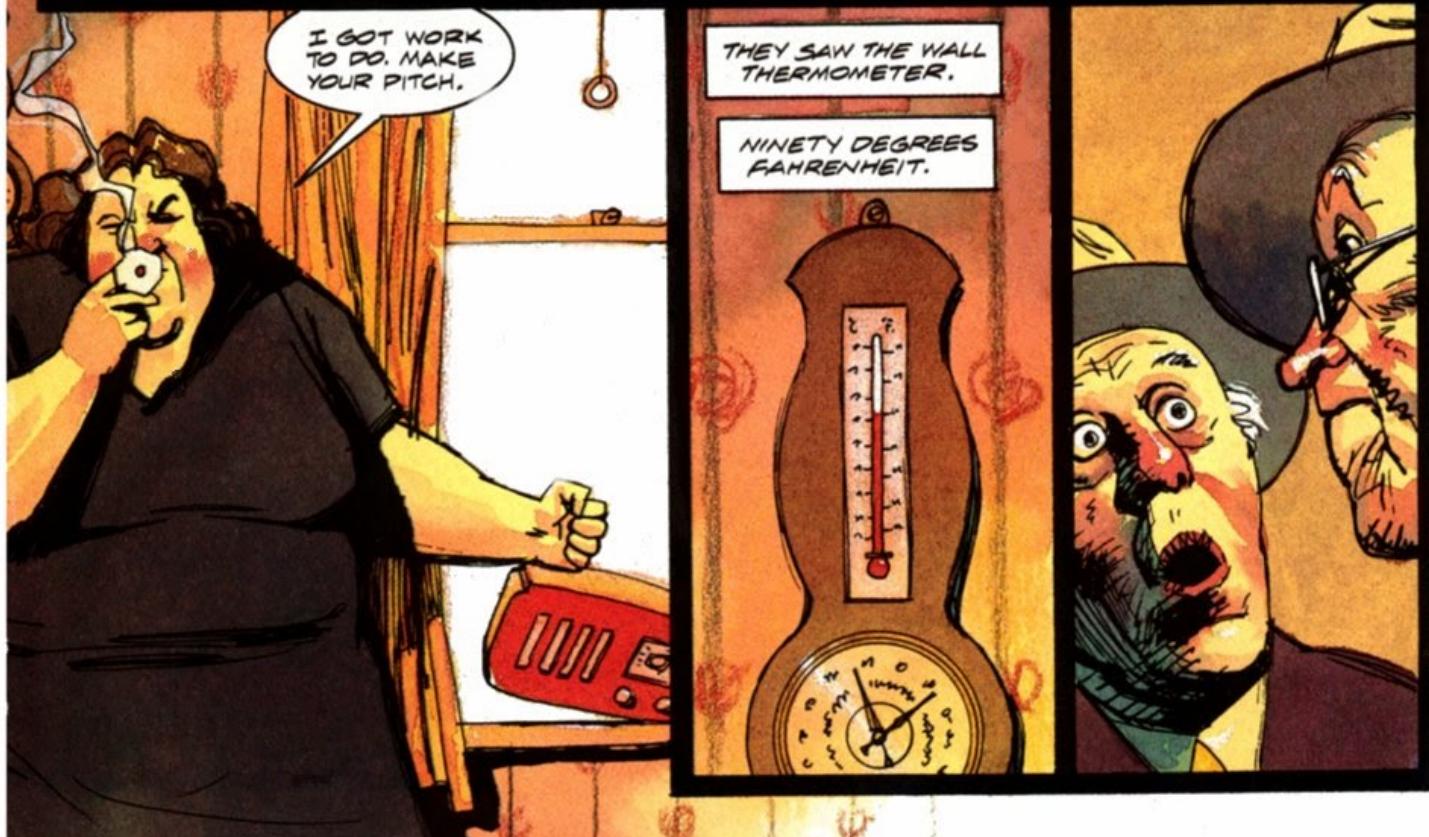


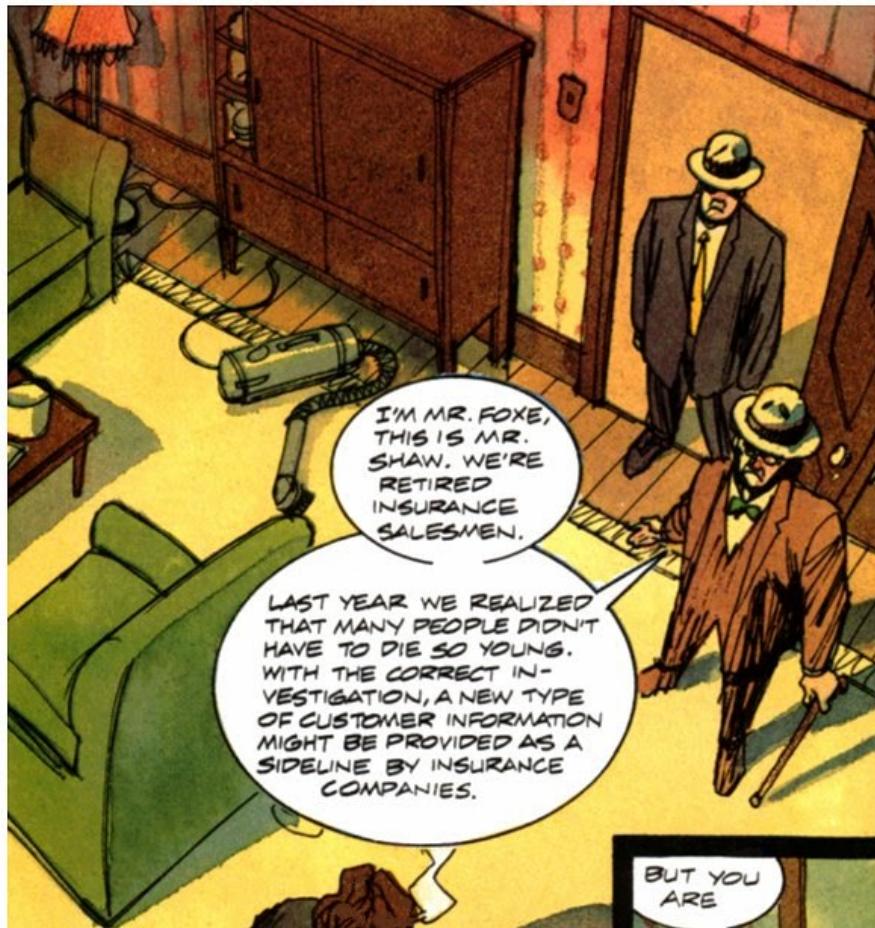
TOUCHED BY  
FIRE

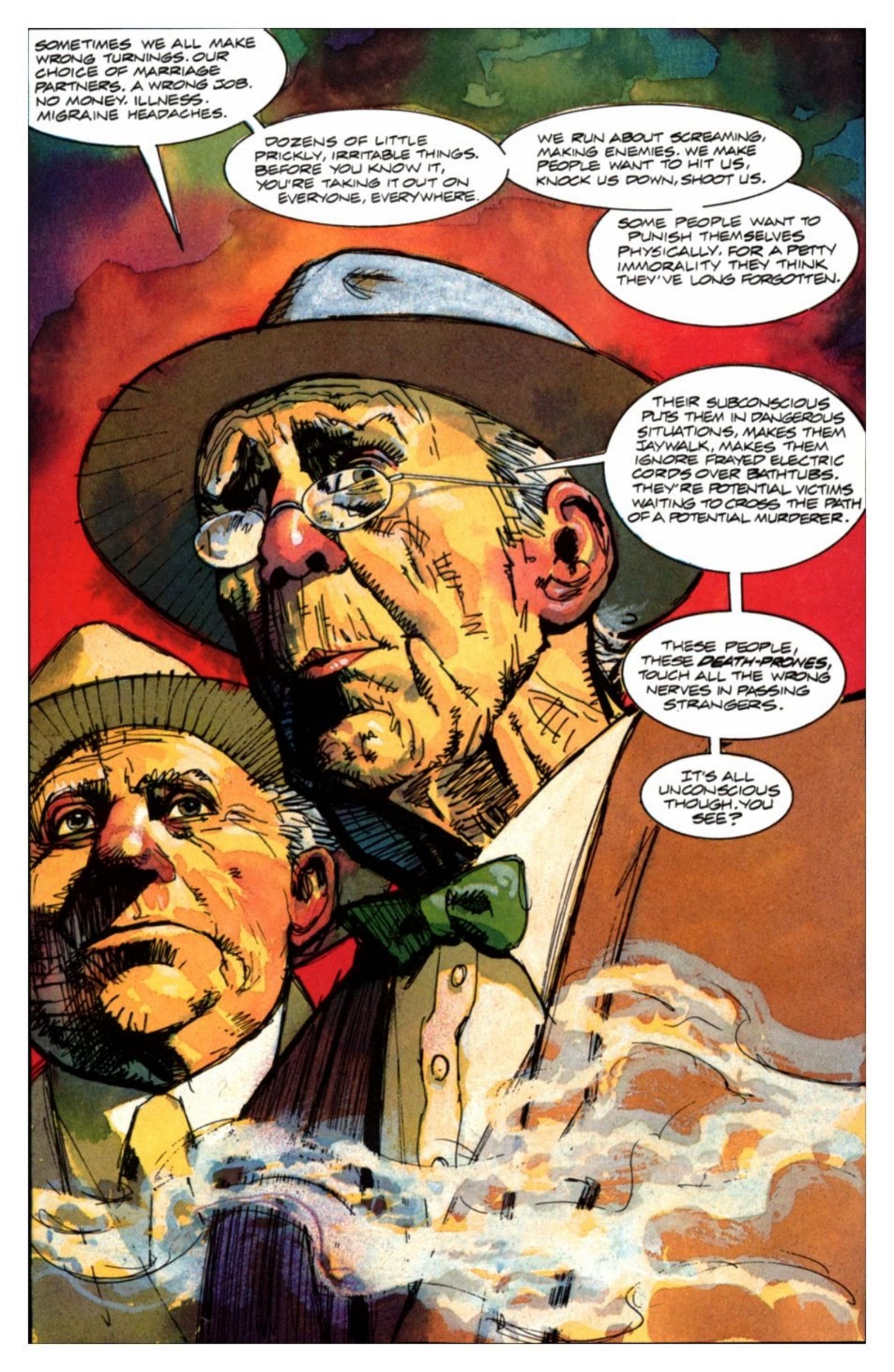












SOMETIMES WE ALL MAKE  
WRONG TURNINGS. OUR  
CHOICE OF MARRIAGE  
PARTNERS. A WRONG JOB.  
NO MONEY. ILLNESS.  
MIGRAINE HEADACHES.

DOZENS OF LITTLE  
PRICKLY, IRRITABLE THINGS.  
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,  
YOU'RE TAKING IT OUT ON  
EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE.

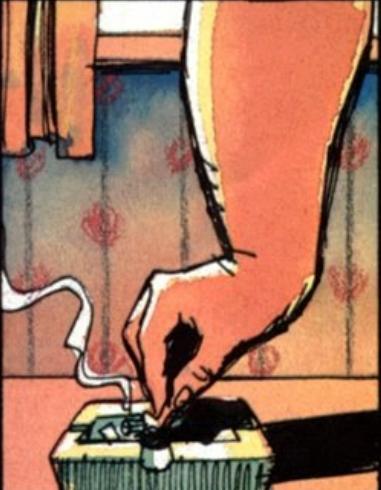
WE RUN ABOUT SCREAMING,  
MAKING ENEMIES. WE MAKE  
PEOPLE WANT TO HIT US,  
KNOCK US DOWN, SHOOT US.

SOME PEOPLE WANT TO  
PUNISH THEMSELVES  
PHYSICALLY, FOR A PETTY  
IMMORALITY THEY THINK  
THEY'VE LONG FORGOTTEN.

THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS  
PUTS THEM IN DANGEROUS  
SITUATIONS, MAKES THEM  
JAYWALK, MAKES THEM  
IGNORE FRAYED ELECTRIC  
CORDS OVER BATHTUBS.  
THEY'RE POTENTIAL VICTIMS  
WAITING TO CROSS THE PATH  
OF A POTENTIAL MURDERER.

THESE PEOPLE,  
THESE DEATH-PRONES,  
TOUCH ALL THE WRONG  
NERVES IN PASSING  
STRANGERS.

IT'S ALL  
UNCONSCIOUS  
THOUGH, YOU  
SEE?



SO IT WAS A YEAR AGO WE DECIDED TO TRY TO FIND PEOPLE WHO NEEDED HELP. PEOPLE WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY NEED HELP, WHO'D NEVER DREAM OF GOING TO A PSYCHIATRIST.

AT FIRST WE MADE DRY RUNS. WE WATCHED PEOPLE AT A DISCREET DISTANCE, STUDIED THEIR ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS, WORK, MARRIAGES.

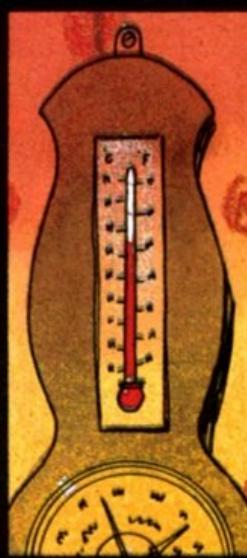
TWO DOZEN CASES. COFFINS NAILED TO A GOOD HALF OF THEM IN THAT LITTLE TIME.

NO MORE DRY RUNS. TIME FOR ACTION, PREVENTIVE USE OF DATA. TIME TO WORK WITH PEOPLE.



AND YOU  
CAME  
HERE?





HER MOUTH STILL  
GUSHED OUT HER  
SICKNESS WITH  
WORDS AND SOUNDS  
THAT WERE NOT  
EVEN FAINTLY  
WORDS



BEFORE TODAY, SHE HAD SPAT  
HER VENOM OUT, HERE, THERE,  
ANOTHER PLACE. NOW FOXE HAD  
LOOSED THE FLOOD OF A LIFETIME.



THE CARNIVAL HAD COME TO TOWN LIKE AN OCTOBER WIND, LIKE A DARK BAT FLYING OVER A COLD LAKE, BONES RATTLING IN THE NIGHT, MOURNING, SIGHING, WHISPERING UP THE TENTS IN THE DARK RAIN. IT STAYED ON FOR A MONTH BY THE GREY, RESTLESS LAKE OF OCTOBER, IN THE BLACK WEATHER AND INCREASING STORMS AND LEADEN SKIES...

# THE BLACK FERRIS



DURING THE THIRD WEEK, AT TWILIGHT ON A THURSDAY, TWO SMALL BOYS WALKED ALONG THE LAKE SHORE IN THE COLD WIND...



PETER AND HENRY RAN TO THE LONELY CARNIVAL GROUNDS. THE MIDWAY WAS SILENT, THE GREY TENTS HISSED IN THE WIND LIKE GIANT PREHISTORIC WINGS. AT EIGHT O'CLOCK PERHAPS, GHASTLY LIGHTS WOULD FLASH ON, VOICES WOULD SHOUT, MUSIC WOULD GO OUT OVER THE LAKE. BUT NOW, THERE WAS ONLY A BLIND HUNCHBACK SITTING ON A BLACK BOX ...



THE BLACK FERRIS WHEEL ROSE LIKE AN IMMENSE LIGHT-BULBED CONSTELLATION AGAINST THE CLOUDY SKY, SILENT...

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THAT FERRIS WHEEL, HANK.

YOU WAIT. I SAW IT HAPPEN. I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT IT DID. YOU KNOW HOW CARNIVALS ARE... ALL FUNNY. OKAY. THIS ONE'S EVEN FUNNIER.



PETE LET HIMSELF BE LED TO THE HIGH GREEN HIDING PLACE OF A TREE. SUDDENLY HANK STIFFENED...

HIST! THERE'S MR. COOGER, THE CARNIVAL MAN, NOW!



MR. COOGER, A MAN OF SOME THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, DRESSED IN SHARP BRIGHT CLOTHES, A LAPEL CARNATION, AND A BROWN DERBY HAT ON HIS HEAD, DRIFTED UNDER THE TREE...



MR. COOGER NODDED AT THE BLIND HUNCHBACK, SPOKE A WORD. THE HUNCHBACK BLINDLY, FUMBLING, LOCKED MR. COOGER INTO A BLACK SEAT AND SENT HIM WHIRLING INTO THE OMINOUS TWILIGHT SKY...

SEE! THE FERRIS WHEEL'S GOING THE WRONG WAY... SO WHAT? BACKWARDS INSTEAD OF FORWARDS!



THE BLACK FERRIS WHEEL WHIRLED TWENTY-FIVE TIMES AROUND. THEN THE BLIND HUNCHBACK PUT OUT HIS PALE HANDS AND HALTED THE MACHINERY. THE WHEEL STOPPED, GENTLY SWAYING, AT A CERTAIN BLACK SEAT. A TEN-YEAR OLD BOY STEPPED OUT...

THAT'S WHAT! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE! NOW... SEE! BUT... WHERE'S MR. COOGER?



THE TEN YEAR OLD BOY WALKED OFF ACROSS THE WHISPERING CARNIVAL GROUNDS, INTO THE SHADOWS. PETER SEARCHED THE FERRIS WHEEL WITH HIS EYES FOR MR. COOGER...

WHERE IS HE? THAT'S HIM! COME ON! QUICK! RUN!



HANK DROPPED FROM THE TREE AND WAS SPRINTING BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND...

THE LIGHTS WERE BURNING IN MRS. FOLEY'S WHITE MANSION. PIANO MUSIC TINKLED. WITHIN THE WARM WINDOWS, PEOPLE MOVED. OUTSIDE, IT BEGAN TO RAIN, DESPONDENTLY, IRREVOCABLY, FOREVER AND EVER...

I'M SO WET LIKE SOMEONE SQUIRTED ME WITH A HOSE. HOW MUCH LONGER DO WE WAIT, HANK?

I KNOW HIS NAME. MY MOTHER TOLD ME ABOUT HIM THE OTHER DAY.

THEY HAD FOLLOWED THE TEN YEAR OLD FROM THE FERRIS WHEEL UP THROUGH TOWN, DOWN DARK STREETS TO MRS. FOLEY'S HOUSE. NOW, INSIDE THE WARM DINING ROOM, THE STRANGE LITTLE BOY SAT AT DINNER...

MOM SAID, 'HANK, YOU HEAR ABOUT THE LI'L ORPHAN BOY MOVED IN MRS. FOLEY'S? WELL, HIS NAME'S JOSEPH PIKES AND HE JUST CAME TO MRS. FOLEY'S ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO AND ASKED FOR SOMETHING TO EAT, AND HIM AND MRS. FOLEY BEEN GETTIN' ON LIKE HOT APPLE PIE EVER SINCE! THAT'S WHAT MOM SAID.'

I'M SCARED, HANK. I'M COLD AND HUNGRY AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS'S ALL ABOUT.

GOSH, YOU'RE DUMB, PETE! DON'T YOU SEE? THREE WEEKS AGO THE CARNIVAL CAME, AND ABOUT THE SAME TIME THIS LITTLE OLE ORPHAN KID SHOWS UP AT MRS. FOLEY'S. AND MRS. FOLEY'S OWN SON DIED A LONG TIME AGO, AND SHE'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME, SO HERE'S THIS LITTLE OLE ORPHAN WHO BUTTERS HER ALL AROUND...

OH!

THEY MARCHED UP TO THE FRONT DOOR AND BANGED THE HUGE KNOCKER. AFTER AWHILE THE DOOR OPENED...

YOU'RE ALL WET! COME IN! MY LAND! WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU'RE HENRY WALTERSON, AREN'T YOU?

UH-HUH! CAN WE SEE YOU ALONE, MA'AM?

HANK GLANCED FEARFULLY AT THE DINING ROOM WHERE THE STRANGE LITTLE BOY LOOKED UP FROM HIS EATING. HANK CREEPT OVER AND SHUT THE HALL DOOR AND WHISPERED...

WE GOT TO WARN YOU. IT'S ABOUT THAT BOY COME TO LIVE WITH YOU... THAT ORPHAN!

THE HALL GREW SUDDENLY COLD. MRS. FOLEY DREW HERSELF HIGH AND STIFF...

HE'S FROM THE CARNIVAL AND HE AIN'T NO BOY, HE'S A MAN, AND HE'S PLANNING ON LIVING HERE WITH YOU UNTIL HE FINDS WHERE YOUR MONEY IS AND THEN RUN OFF WITH IT SOME NIGHT, AND PEOPLE WILL LOOK FOR HIM BUT BECAUSE THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR A TEN YEAR OLD, MR. COOGER WILL GET AWAY...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE CARNIVAL... AND THE FERRIS WHEEL GOING BACKWARD MAKING MR. COOGER YOUNGER, I DON'T KNOW HOW, AND HIM COMING HERE AS A BOY, AND YOU CAN'T TRUST HIM, BECAUSE WHEN HE HAS YOUR MONEY HE'LL GET BACK ON THE FERRIS WHEEL AND IT'LL GO FORWARD AND...

GET OUT, HENRY WALTERSON! GET OUT AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!

THE DOOR SLAMMED. PETER AND HANK FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE RAIN ONCE MORE. IT SOAKED INTO THEM, COLD AND COMPLETE...

**SMART GUY! NOW HE... HE  
YOU FIXED IT. SUPPOSE WOULDN'T  
HE HEARD US, SUPPOSE DO THAT.  
HE COMES AND KILLS  
US IN OUR BEDS TONIGHT,  
TO SHUT US UP FOR KEEPS!**



DURING SUPPER, FATHER LOOKED AT HANK AND SAID...

**IF YOU DON'T CATCH PNEUMONIA, I'LL BE SURPRISED. SOAKED, YOU WERE, BY GOD! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THE CARNIVAL?**



AFTER SUPPER, HANK PUT IN A CALL TO PETER. AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE, PETER SOUNDED MISERABLE WITH COUGHING...

**LISTEN, PETE! I SEE IT ALL NOW. WHEN THAT LIL' OLE ORPHAN BOY, JOSEPH PIKE'S, GETS MRS. FOLEY'S MONEY, HE'S GOT A GOOD PLAN.**



THE DOOR SLAMMED. PETER AND HANK FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE PETER SEIZED HANK'S ARM AND POINTED...

RAIN ONCE MORE. IT SOAKED INTO  
THEM, COLD AND COMPLETE ...

WOULDN'T HE?  
LOOK!



IN THE BIG BAY WINDOW OF THE DINING ROOM NOW THE MESH CURTAIN PULLED ASIDE. STANDING THERE IN THE PINK LIGHT, HIS HAND MADE INTO A MENACING FIST, WAS THE ORPHAN BOY. HIS FACE WAS HORRIBLE TO SEE, THE TEETH BARED, THE EYES HATEFUL...



THE ONE WITH THE PINK CARNATION  
IN HIS LAPEL? SURE. HE STAYS DOWN  
AT MRS. O'LEARY'S BOARDING HOUSE.  
GOT A ROOM IN THE BACK. WHY?

NOTHING. JUST  
WAS WONDER-  
ING IF YOU  
KNEW HIM.



HE'LL STICK AROUND TOWN AS THE CARNIVAL NOBODY  
MAN, LIVING IN A ROOM AT MRS. O'LEARY'S. WILL  
THAT WAY, NOBODY'LL GET SUSPICIOUS OF BELIEVE  
HIM. EVERYBODY'LL BE LOOKING FOR THAT US, HANK.  
NASTY LITTLE BOY AND HE'LL BE GONE.  
AND MR. COOGER WILL BE WALKING AROUND,  
AND NOBODY'LL SUSPECT THE CARNIVAL  
AT ALL. IT WOULD LOOK FUNNY IF THE  
CARNIVAL SUDDENLY PULLED UP STAKES.  
SO WE GOT TO ACT FAST.  
I TRIED  
TO TELL  
MY FOLKS,  
BUT THEY  
SAID HOG  
WASH!



WE GOT TO ACT **TONIGHT!** BECAUSE IF WE **DON'T**, HE'LL KILL US! WE'RE THE **ONLY ONES** WHO KNOW! I BET HE JUST **TRIES** SOMETHING **TONIGHT**. SO, I TELL YOU, MEET ME AT MRS. FOLEY'S **AW!** IN HALF AN HOUR.



WELL THEN, **MEET** ME THERE AND I BET WE SEE THAT ORPHAN BOY SNEAKING OUT WITH THE MONEY, TONIGHT, AND RUNNING BACK DOWN TO THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS WITH IT, WHEN MRS. FOLEY'S ASLEEP. I'LL **SEE** YOU THERE. SO LONG, PETE!



HANK HUNG UP. HIS FATHER STOOD BEHIND HIM...

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, YOUNG MAN. YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO BED. C'MON! UPSTAIRS!

BUT, POP! AW. GEE...



HANK WAS MARCHED UPSTAIRS. HANK UNDRESSED. HIS FATHER TOOK HIS CLOTHES AND LOCKED HIM IN HIS ROOM. THE REST OF HANK'S WARDROBE HUNG OUTSIDE THE LOCKED BEDROOM DOOR IN THE HALL CLOSET...

NOW, GO TO BED!

HOLY COW!



PETER STOOD OUTSIDE MRS. FOLEY'S HOUSE, LOST IN A VAST RAINCOAT AND MARINER'S CAP, SNIFFLING. FINALLY THERE WAS A RUSTLING IN THE WET BUSHES.

PSST! PETE! HEY! LEND ME YOUR PANTS! DAD WOULDN'T LET ME OUT!

GOSH, HANK! YOU'RE... YOU'RE NAKED!



C'MON! YOU'VE GOT THAT RAINCOAT ON. NOBODY'LL KNOW SO LEND ME YOUR PANTS, BEFORE I GET PNEUMONIA!

WELL... ALL RIGHT!



THE RELUCTANT TRANSACTION WAS MADE. HANK PULLED THE PANTS ON. THEY WAITED...

THE RAIN LET UP...IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, A SMALL FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE HOUSE, BEARING A LARGE PAPER SACK FILLED WITH SOME ENORMOUS LOOT OR OTHER...



THEY GAVE CHASE THROUGH THE CHESTNUT TREES, UP THE HILL, THROUGH THE NIGHT STREETS OF TOWN, DOWN PAST THE RAILROAD YARDS...



THE ORPHAN BOY WAS SWIFT. PETER WAS LEFT BEHIND AS HANK THUDED ON ALONE AFTER THE DARTING ORPHAN BOY, NOW VANISHING INTO THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS...



HANK STOPPED AT THE EDGE OF THE CARNIVAL LOT. THE FERRIS WHEEL WAS GOING UP AND UP INTO THE SKY, AND THERE SAT JOSEPH PIKES, LAUGHING UP AND AROUND, AND THE BLIND HUNCHBACK HAD HIS HAND ON THE ROARING OILY MACHINE. AND EACH TIME THAT JOSEPH PIKES RODE INTO THE SKY AND CAME DOWN AND WENT AROUND, HE WAS A YEAR OLDER, HIS LAUGH DEEPENING, HIS FACE CHANGING...



HANK RAN FORWARD AT THE BLIND HUNCHBACK BY THE MACHINE. ON THE WAY, HE PICKED UP A TENT SPIKE...



THE HUNCHBACK TRIED TO REACH THE BRAKE TO STOP THE FERRIS WHEEL. HANK RAN IN AND SLAMMED THE SPIKE AGAINST HIS FINGERS, MASHING THEM...



THE FERRIS WHEEL WENT AROUND AND AROUND AND AROUND. JOSEPH PIKES—MR. COOGER, FLUNG UP IN A STORMY COLD SKY IN THE BUBBLED CONSTELLATION OF WHIRL AND RUSH AND WIND, SCREAMED. THE HUNCHBACK WITH HANK ON HIS CHEST...THRASHING, BITING, KICKING... GROANED...



MR. COOGER, A MAN, A DIFFERENT MAN AND VOICE THIS TIME, CRIED OUT, COMING AROUND IN PANIC, GOING UP INTO THE ROARING HISSING SKY OF THE FERRIS WHEEL. THE WIND BLEW THROUGH THE HIGH DARK WHEEL SPOKES...



HANK LEAPED FROM THE SPRAWLING HUNCHBACK. HE STARTED IN ON THE BRAKE MECHANISM, HITTING IT, JAMMING IT, PUTTING CHUNKS OF METAL IN IT...



THE VOICE FADED. NOW THE CARNIVAL WAS ABLAZE WITH SUDDEN LIGHT. MEN SPRANG FROM TENTS, CAME RUNNING. HANK FELT HIMSELF JERKED INTO THE AIR WITH OATHS AND BEATINGS RAINED ON HIM. A POLICEMAN APPEARED, PISTOL DRAWN...



THE VOICE REPEATED AND REPEATED, SIGHING AWAY IN THE WIND. THE DARK CARNIVAL MEN TRIED TO APPLY THE BRAKE. NOTHING HAPPENED. THE MACHINERY HUMMED AND TURNED THE WHEEL AROUND AND AROUND. THE MECHANISM WAS JAMMED. THE VOICE CRIED ONE LAST TIME.

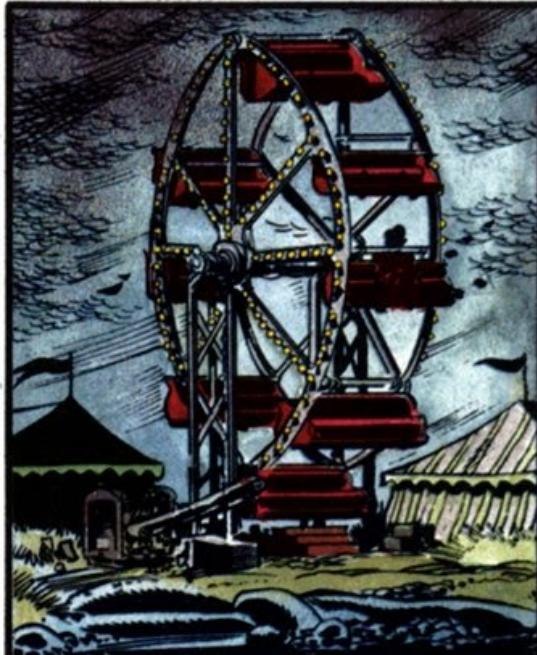


THEN... SILENCE...

WITHOUT A WORD THE FERRIS WHEEL FLEW IN A CIRCLE, A HIGH SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC STARS AND METAL AND SEATS. THERE WAS NO SOUND NOW BUT THE SOUND OF THE MOTOR WHICH DIED AND STOPPED. THE FERRIS WHEEL COASTED A MINUTE, THEN CAME TO REST, ALL THE PEOPLE GAZING UP AT IT...



THE POLICEMAN TURNED AND THE CARNIVAL PEOPLE TURNED AND THEY ALL LOOKED AT THE OCCUPANT IN THE BLACK PAINTED SEAT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIDE. A SKELETON SAT THERE, A PAPER BAG OF MONEY IN ITS HANDS, A BROWN DERBY HAT ON ITS HEAD...



THE RAY  
**BRADBURY**  
CHRONICLES

DINOSAURS

I

A Sound of Thunder

II

Tyrannosaurus Rex

III

AN E.C. CLASSIC

A Sound of Thunder

A BYRON PREISS VISUAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. BOOK

## INTRODUCTION

HAVE YOU EVER MET ANYONE WHO DOESN'T LIKE DINOSAURS? I HAVE NOT. OVER THE YEARS I HAVE FOUND THAT ALL SIZES AND SHAPES OF HUMAN BEINGS, MALE AND FEMALE, WOULDN'T MIND JOGGING AROUND A PREHISTORIC TRACK WITH A TYRANNOSAURUS REX (AS LONG AS THEY COULD KEEP A MILE AHEAD OF HIM), OR HANG-GLIDE FROM A PTERODACTYL, KITING DOWN FROM A CALIFORNIA SEA-CLIFF, OR SHARE BREAKFAST MUNCHING SEAWEED ON A DINOSAUR FARM IN TRULY OLD WYOMING. WHEN I GREW UP, THE AGE OF THE NEW DINOSAURS WAS JUST BEGINNING. NOW WE ARE INUNDATED WITH THE GREAT BEASTS—THE BOOK YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS BEING JUST ONE MORE HAPPY EXAMPLE.

THE MUSIC FOR "A SOUND OF THUNDER" MIGHT WELL BE: "YOU PUT YOUR RIGHT FOOT *THERE . . .*" AND CAREFULLY—OR RISK CHANGING HISTORY.

"TYRANNOSAURUS REX" IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. IT'S THE STORY OF MY OLD HIGH SCHOOL FRIEND RAY HARRYHAUSEN, WHO BUILT AND ANIMATED DINOSAURS IN HIS GARAGE WHEN WE MET, BOTH OF US 18 AND BURSTING WITH LOVE FOR KING KONG AND HIS PALS.

IN ANY EVENT, ALL KINDS OF SUPERB BEASTS AWAITS YOU IN THESE PAGES. ENJOY!

*Ray Bradbury*



WILLIAM STOUT is an internationally acclaimed artist who first won acclaim for his underground record covers and comics. His illustrations of dinosaurs have been featured in Donald Glut's *Dinosaur Dictionary*, *The Dinosaur Scrapbook*, and his own book, *The Dinosaurs*, which was edited by Byron Preiss. His work has been commissioned by such well-known directors as George Lucas and John Milius, for whom he has produced poster and production designs respectively.

RICHARD CORBEN was born and bred in the Midwest. His early career was as an animator for an industrial-film company. He first did comics for fanzines, the early undergrounds, and finally *Heavy Metal*. In between commissions he now publishes his own series of comics and graphic novels featuring his fantasy character, Den.

ANTONI GARCES was born in Barcelona and began his career in graphic design at the age of eighteen. He entered the comic book industry in 1981 with his work for the fanzine *Zero* and illustrates comics, book covers, posters, and album covers.

AL WILLIAMSON's first professional job was at the tender age of seventeen, assisting Burne Hogarth on the Sunday "Tarzan" newspaper page. He moved on to comic books, working for a variety of publishers, including EC, where he would often team up with friends like Frazetta and Roy Krenkel. Williamson's style shone most brightly when he worked on science-fiction stories, his romantic flair coming through even when illustrating ugly aliens.

KENNETH SMITH is a freelance writer and illustrator based in Dallas and a regular contributor to *Heavy Metal* and *The Comics Journal*. His fantasy art was recently published by Fantagraphics in the books *Succubus* and *Phantasmagoria 1*, a continuation of the five acclaimed volumes of *Phantasmagoria* published in the seventies.

### *A Sound of Thunder*

Adapted by Richard Corben

Lettered by George Roberts

---

### *Tyrannosaurus Rex*

Adapted by Garces

Lettered by Willie Schubert

---

### *A Sound of Thunder*

E.C. Classic Version

Adapted by Al Williamson

Newly colored by Kenneth Smith

---

Special thanks to Dan Congdon,

Dan Martin at Sprintout,  
and Uncle Ray.

---

Executive Editor: Byron Preiss

Editor: Howard Zimmerman

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Assistant Editors: Kenneth Grobe  
and Jessica Stenberg

---

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# A SOUND OF THUNDER



TIME SAFARI INC.  
SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR

THE SIGN SEEMED TO QUAVER. ECKELS FELT HIS EYELIDS BLINK OVER HIS STARE, AND THE SIGN BURNED IN THIS MOMENTARY DARKNESS.



# TIME SAFARI, INC.

Safaris to any year  
in the past.  
You name the animal.  
We take you there.  
You shoot it.



WE GUARANTEE  
NOTHING, EXCEPT  
THE DINOSAURS.



A REAL  
TIME  
MACHINE.

MAKES YOU THINK. IF THE ELECTION HAD GONE BADLY YESTERDAY, I MIGHT BE RUNNING AWAY. THANK GOD, KEITH WON. HE'LL MAKE A FINE PRESIDENT.



YES, WE'RE LUCKY. IF DEUTSCHER HAD GOTTEN IN, WE'D HAVE THE WORST KIND OF DICTATORSHIP. MILITARIST, ANTI-CHRIST, ANTI-HUMAN, ANTI-INTELLECTUAL.



PEOPLE CALLED US UP JOKING BUT NOT JOKING. SAID IF DEUTSCHER WON THEY WANTED TO GO LIVE IN 1492. OF COURSE IT'S NOT OUR BUSINESS TO CONDUCT ESCAPES, BUT TO FORM SAFARIS.



ANY WAY, KEITH'S PRESIDENT NOW. ALL YOU GOT TO WORRY ABOUT IS--

SHOOTING MY DINOSAUR.

A TYRANNOSAURUS REX. THE DAMNDEST MONSTER IN HISTORY. SIGN THIS RELEASE. ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, WE'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE.

TRYING TO SCARE ME?  
FRANKLY, YES. SIX SAFARI LEADERS WERE KILLED LAST YEAR AND A DOZEN HUNTERS. YOUR PERSONAL CHECK'S STILL THERE. TEAR IT UP.

HE LOOKED AT THE CHECK FOR A LONG TIME. HIS FINGERS TWITCHED.



GOOD LUCK, MR. TRAVIS, HE'S ALL YOURS.



THEY MOVED SILENTLY TOWARD THE MACHINE, TOWARD THE SILVER METAL AND THE ROARING LIGHT.



FIRST A DAY AND THEN A NIGHT AND THEN A DAY AND THEN A NIGHT, THEN IT WAS DAY-NIGHT-DAY-NIGHT-DAY. A WEEK, A MONTH, A YEAR, A DECADE. A.D. 2055. A.D. 2019. 1919! 1900! GONE! THE MACHINE ROARED.

THIS IS  
LESPERANCE,  
MY ASSISTANT.

THIS IS  
BILLINGS  
AND  
KRAMER.

CAN THESE  
GUNS GET A  
DINOSAUR  
COLD?

IF YOU HIT  
THEM RIGHT.

PUT YOUR  
FIRST TWO  
SHOTS INTO  
THE EYES.

THEN GO  
BACK INTO  
THE BRAIN.

CHRIST ISN'T  
BORN YET.

THE PYRAMIDS  
ARE STILL IN  
THE EARTH.  
REMEMBER  
THAT.

THE MACHINE SLOWED; ITS  
SCREAM FELL TO A MURMUR.  
THE MACHINE STOPPED.

THAT IS THE JUNGLE OF SIXTY MILLION TWO THOUSAND AND FIFTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE PRESIDENT KEITH.

AND THAT IS THE PATH, LAID BY TIME SAFARI. DON'T GO OFF IT. I REPEAT, DON'T GO OFF, FOR ANY REASON! AND DON'T SHOOT ANY ANIMAL WE DON'T OKAY.

WHY?

FAR BIRDS' CRIES BLEW ON A WIND, AND THE SMELL OF TAR AND MOIST GRASSES, AND FLOWERS THE COLOR OF BLOOD.

NOT KNOWING IT, WE MIGHT KILL AN IMPORTANT ANIMAL, A SMALL BIRD, A ROACH, A FLOWER EVEN, THUS DESTROYING AN IMPORTANT LINK IN A GROWING SPECIES.

THAT'S NOT CLEAR.

ALL RIGHT, SAY WE ACCIDENTALLY KILL ONE MOUSE HERE. THAT MEANS ALL THE FUTURE FAMILIES OF THIS MOUSE ARE ELIMINATED, RIGHT?

AND ALL THE FUTURE GENERATIONS OF THAT ONE MOUSE! A BILLION POSSIBLE MICE CANCELLED WITH A STAMP OF YOUR FOOT.

FOR WANT OF TEN MICE, A FOX DIES. FOR WANT OF TEN FOXES, A LION STARVES. FOR WANT OF A LION, ALL MANNER OF INSECTS, VULTURES, INFINITE BILLIONS OF LIFE FORMS ARE THROWN INTO CHAOS.

MILLIONS OF YEARS LATER, A CAVEMAN STARVES BECAUSE OF YOUR MISSTEP AND HE'S NOT JUST ANY CAVEMAN. FROM HIS LOINS WOULD HAVE SPRUNG TEN SONS. FROM THEM, ONE HUNDRED SONS AND THUS ONWARD TO A CIVILIZATION.

WITH ONE CAVEMAN'S DEATH, A BILLION OTHERS ARE THROTTLED BEFORE THE WOMB. PERHAPS ROME NEVER RISES. PERHAPS EUROPE IS FOREVER A DARK FOREST.



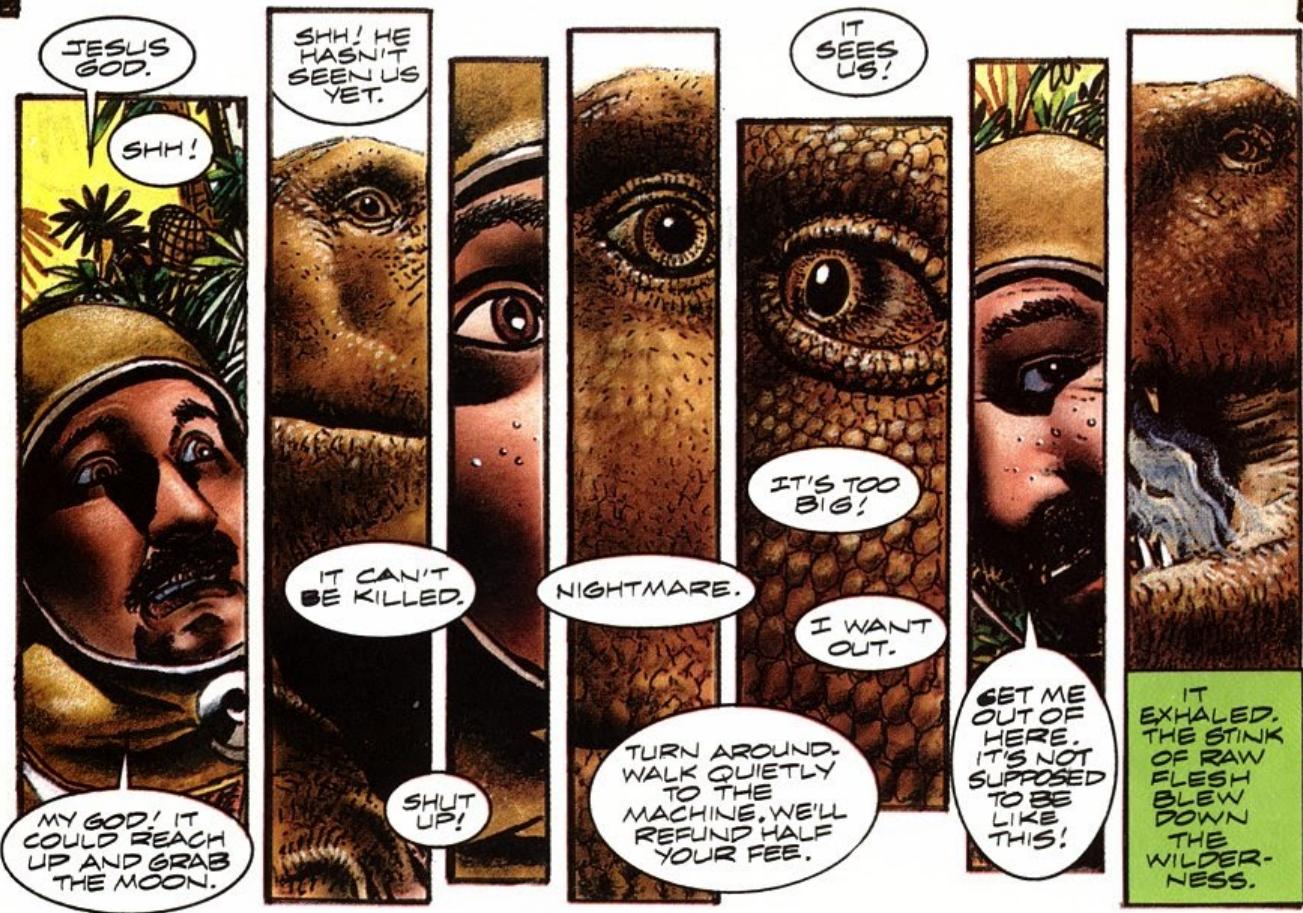




THE JUNGLE WAS WIDE  
AND FULL OF  
TWITTERINGS, RUSTLINGS,  
MURMURS, AND SIGHS.

SUDDENLY, SILENCE.

A SOUND OF  
THUNDER.



JESUS  
GOD.

SHH!

SHH! HE  
HASN'T  
SEEN US  
YET.

IT CAN'T  
BE KILLED.

MY GOD! IT  
COULD REACH  
UP AND GRAB  
THE MOON.

SHUT  
UP!

NIGHTMARE.

TURN AROUND.  
WALK QUIETLY  
TO THE  
MACHINE. WE'LL  
REFUND HALF  
YOUR FEE.

IT'S TOO  
BIG!

I WANT  
OUT.

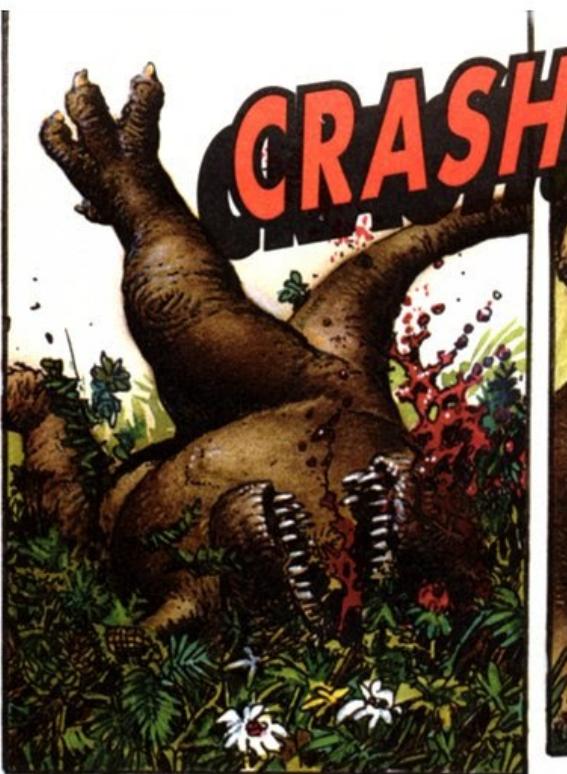
GET ME  
OUT OF  
HERE.  
IT'S NOT  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE  
LIKE  
THIS!

IT  
EXHALED.  
THE STINK  
OF RAW  
FLESH  
BLEW  
DOWN  
THE  
WILDER-  
NESS.



CRAAA



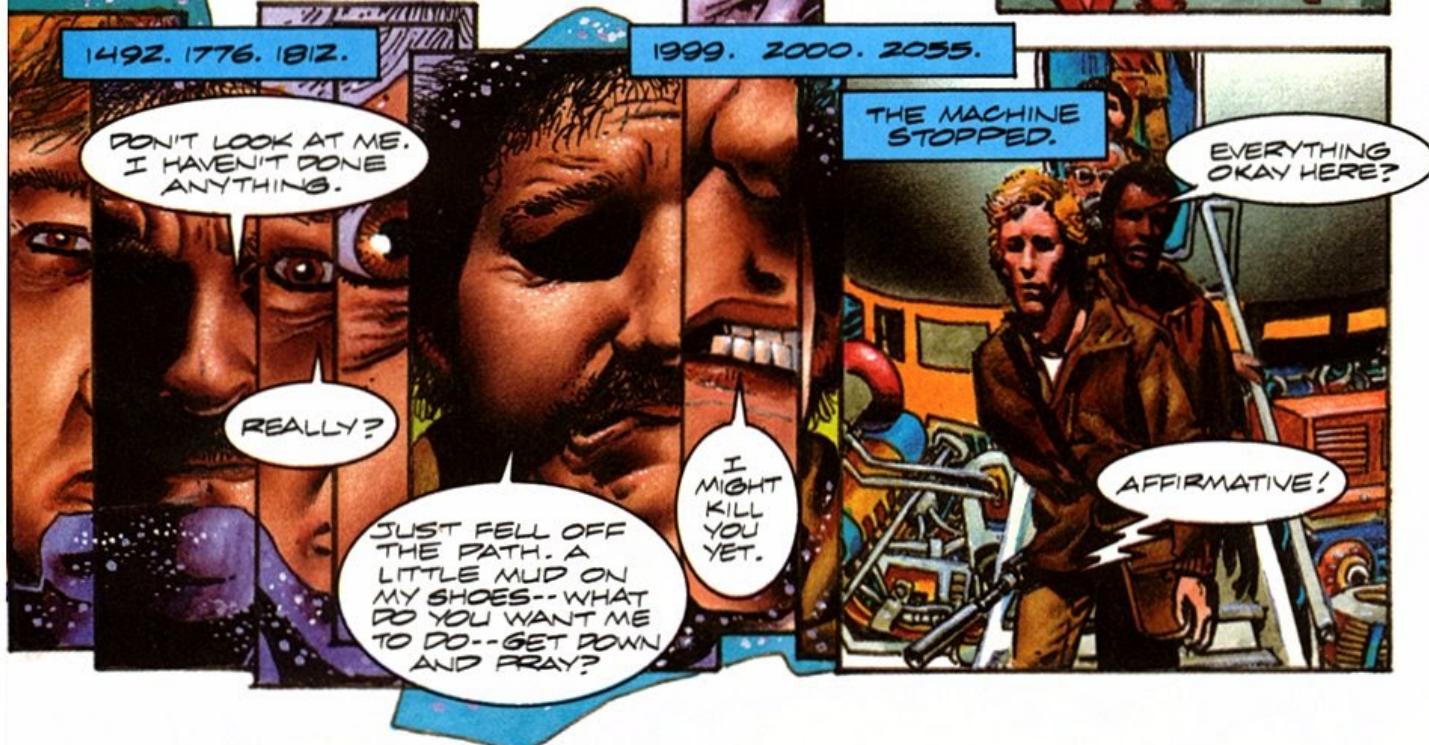
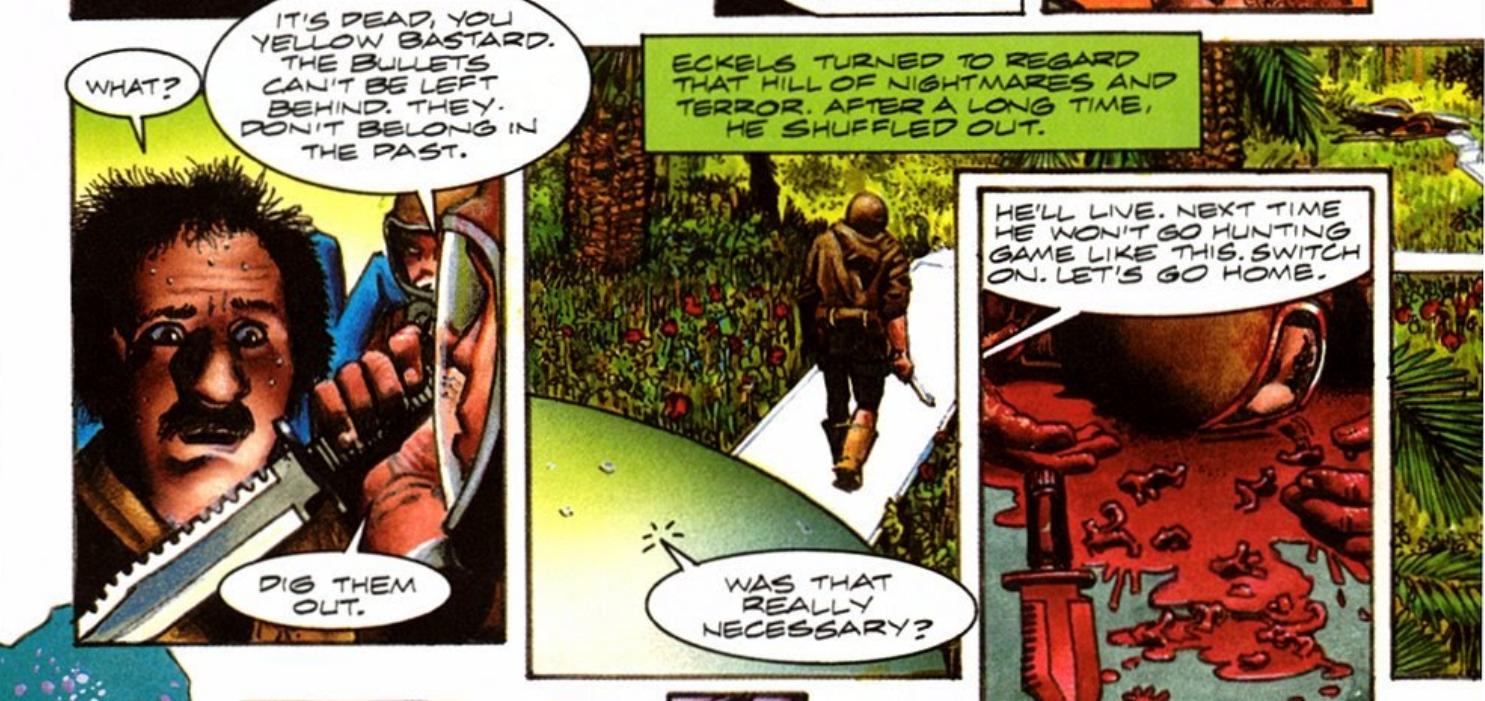
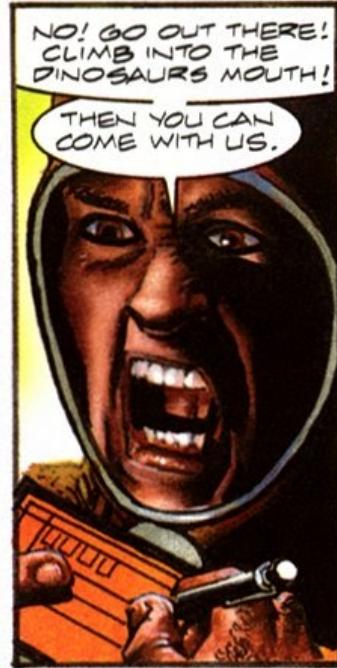
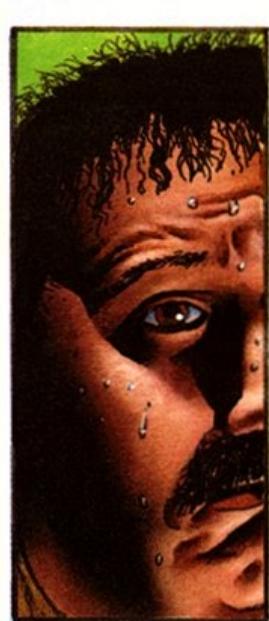


THE THUNDER  
FADED. THE  
JUNGLE WAS  
SILENT. AFTER  
THE AVALANCHE,  
A GREEN PEACE.  
AFTER THE  
NIGHTMARE,  
MORNING.



A GIANT TREE  
BROKE FROM  
ITS MOORING.





OKAY, ECKELS, GET OUT. DON'T EVER COME BACK.

WHAT'RE YOU STARING AT?

ECKELS SMELLED THE AIR. THERE WAS A CHEMICAL TAINT SO SUBTLE, SO SLIGHT, THAT ONLY A FAINT CRY OF HIS SUBLIMINAL SENSES WARNED HIM.

TYME SEFARI, INC.  
Safari is tu any yeer  
en the past.  
Yu naim the animal.  
Wee taek yu thair.  
Yu shoot iff.

HE FELT THEM ALL STARING AT HIM.

...HIS FEET.

NO, IT CAN'T BE!

NOT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT!

WHO-- WHO WON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION YESTERDAY?

YOU JOKING?  
DEUTSCHER, OF COURSE. NOT THAT DAMN WEAKLING KEITH. WE GOT AN IRON MAN NOW BY GOD!

ON THE FLOOR, AN EXQUISITE THING, A SMALL THING THAT COULD UPSET BALANCES AND KNOCK DOWN A LINE OF SMALL DOMINOES AND THEN BIG DOMINOES AND THEN GIGANTIC DOMINOES, ALL DOWN THE YEARS ACROSS TIME.

HE HEARD TRAVIS BREATHE LOUD IN THE ROOM.

HE HEARD THE CLICK OF THE RIFLE'S SAFETY CATCH.

BOOM!

CAN'T WE TAKE IT BACK? CAN'T WE MAKE IT ALIVE AGAIN? CAN'T WE--

HE SHUT HIS EYES TIGHT.

THERE WAS A SOUND OF THUNDER.

# TYRANOSAURUS REX

JOHN TERWILLIGER  
WAS A STOP-MOTION  
ANIMATION WIZARD.  
WORKING IN A WORLD  
OF HIS OWN, HE  
HAND-CRAFTED THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
MONSTERS OF THE  
PAST.

MY LITTLE LOVELIES,  
THOUGHT TERWILLIGER.  
ALL LIQUID LATEX,  
RUBBER SPONGE, BALL-  
SOCKETED STEEL  
ARTICULATION; ALL  
NIGHT-DREAMED, CLAY-  
MOLDED, WARPED AND  
WELDED, RIVETED AND  
SLAPPED TO LIFE BY  
HAND.

STEP BY STEP, FRAME BY FRAME, HE HAD  
MOVED EACH A FRACTION OF AN INCH,  
PHOTOGRAPHED THEM, MOVED THEM  
ANOTHER HAIR, PHOTOGRAPHED THEM,  
FOR HOURS AND DAYS AND MONTHS.

ALL THIS WORK HAD LED TO A SCANT 800  
FEET OF FILM, WHICH WOULD BE SEEN THE  
NEXT DAY BY THE PRODUCER OF CUT-RATE  
THRILLS, PRODUCER JOE CLARENCE--  
"CLARENCE THE GREAT."





IT'S ALMOST LUNCHTIME. THROW ON THE NEXT REEL, WALTER! I'LL GIVE YOU A SHOT, TERWILLIGER--WE'LL PAY YOU ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BUT I'LL NEED A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR MY EQUIPMENT ALONE!

LOOK, WE'RE GIVING YOU A BREAK. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

ONE THOUSAND?

I KNOW IT'S GENEROUS, BUT I'M IN A GENEROUS MOOD TODAY.

FUSE FLEXIBLE SPINE TO SINUOUS NECK...PIVOT NECK TO SKULL...HINGE JAW FROM HOLLOW CHEEK...SLIP SNAKE-PEBBLED SKIN OVER PLASTIC SPONGE...MELD SEAMS WITH FIRE...TYRANNOSAURUS REX!

MY GOD! AREN'T YOU SET UP YET?

CLARENCE LOOKED AROUND WILDLY, AS IF NO ONE WERE THERE.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME I TAKE, I GET PAID THE SAME.



WELL SHAKE A LEG, AND  
MAKE IT REAL HORRIBLE, AND IT'S TOO MUCH! I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I WAS SO GENEROUS.

TWO THOUSAND FEET  
OF EACH!



CLARENCE REJECTED THE FIRST TWO TESTS. TERWILLIGER FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS: MAKE IT MORE HORRIFIC, MORE BLOODCURDLING, DO THIS TO THE TAIL, THIS TO THE CLAWS...

...OKAY, TERWILLIGER! YOU DID IT-- HERE'S A MONSTER THAT I CAN BELIEVE IN!



NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A MONSTER! YOU LIKE MY CREATURE, GLASS?

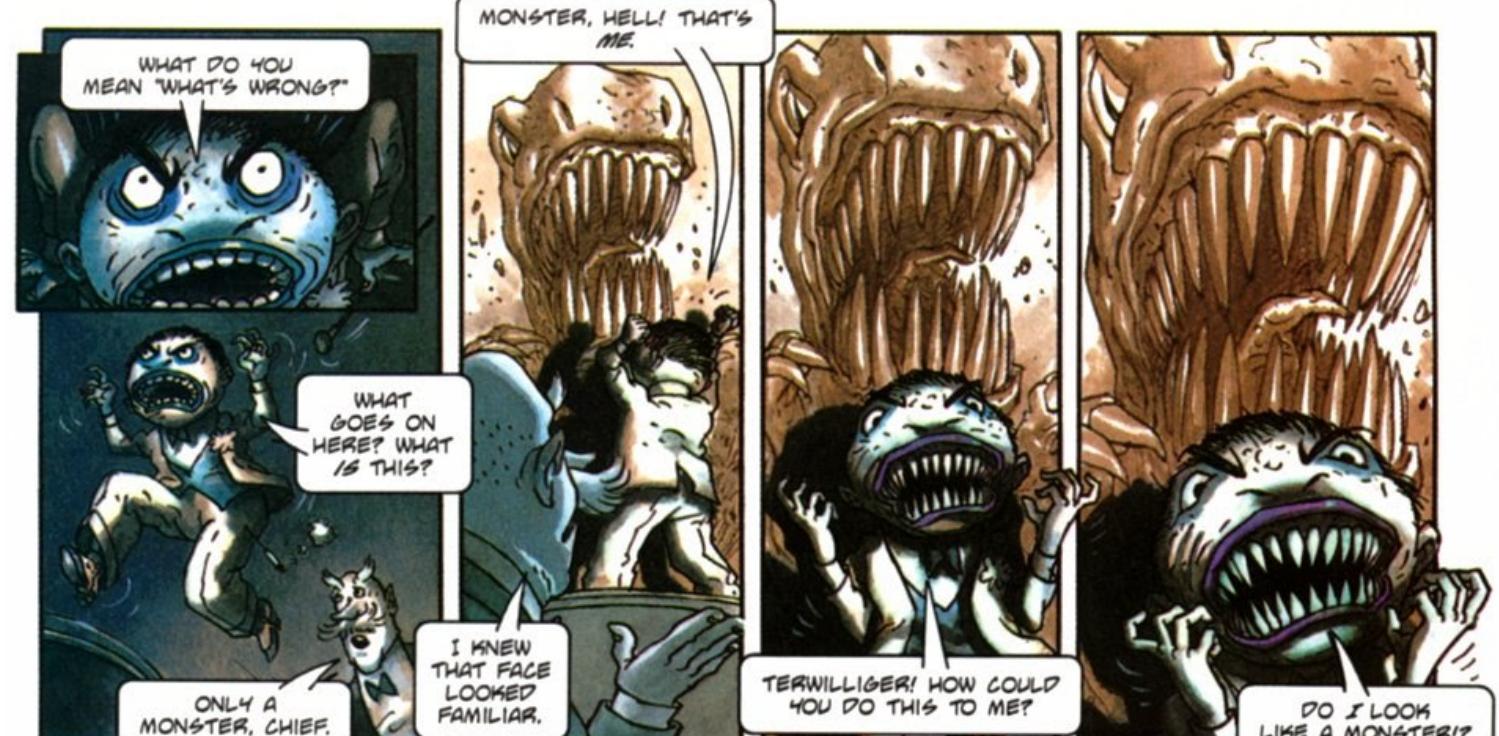


TEN WEEKS LATER, WITH THE FILM HALF FINISHED, CLARENCE SUMMONED THIRTY OF HIS STAFF, TECHNICIANS AND A FEW FRIENDS TO SEE A ROUGH CUT.



624SF  
STOP! FREEZE IT RIGHT THERE!





GLASS FOUND A WAY TO  
SAVE THE PICTURE, THE  
INVESTORS' MONEY, AND  
TERWILLIGER'S CAREER.

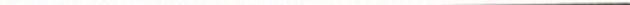


TURN IT INSIDE OUT. UPSIDE DOWN, I WAS ANGRY ALL THE TIME. WITHOUT KNOWING, I MUST HAVE CHANGED THE FACE. BUT I NEVER SAW IT. I'LL TAKE ALL THE BLAME.



6

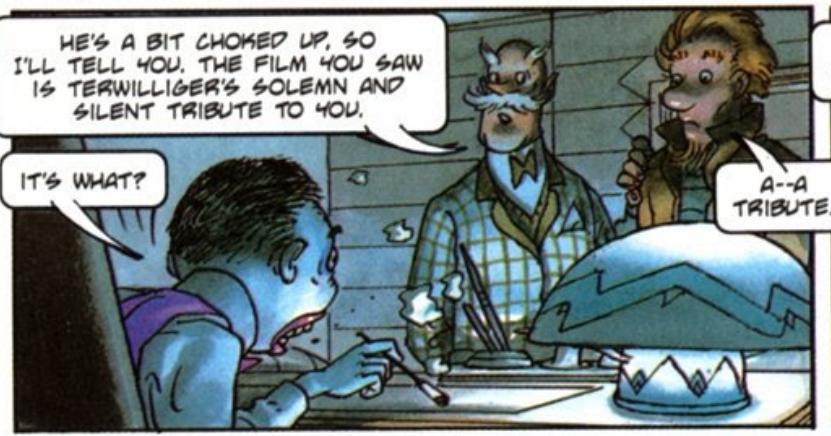




IT'S A TRULY TOUCHING STORY.



GO AHEAD, I'M LISTENING.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

IT WAS DONE FROM A FEELING OF HONOR AND FRIENDSHIP FOR YOU.



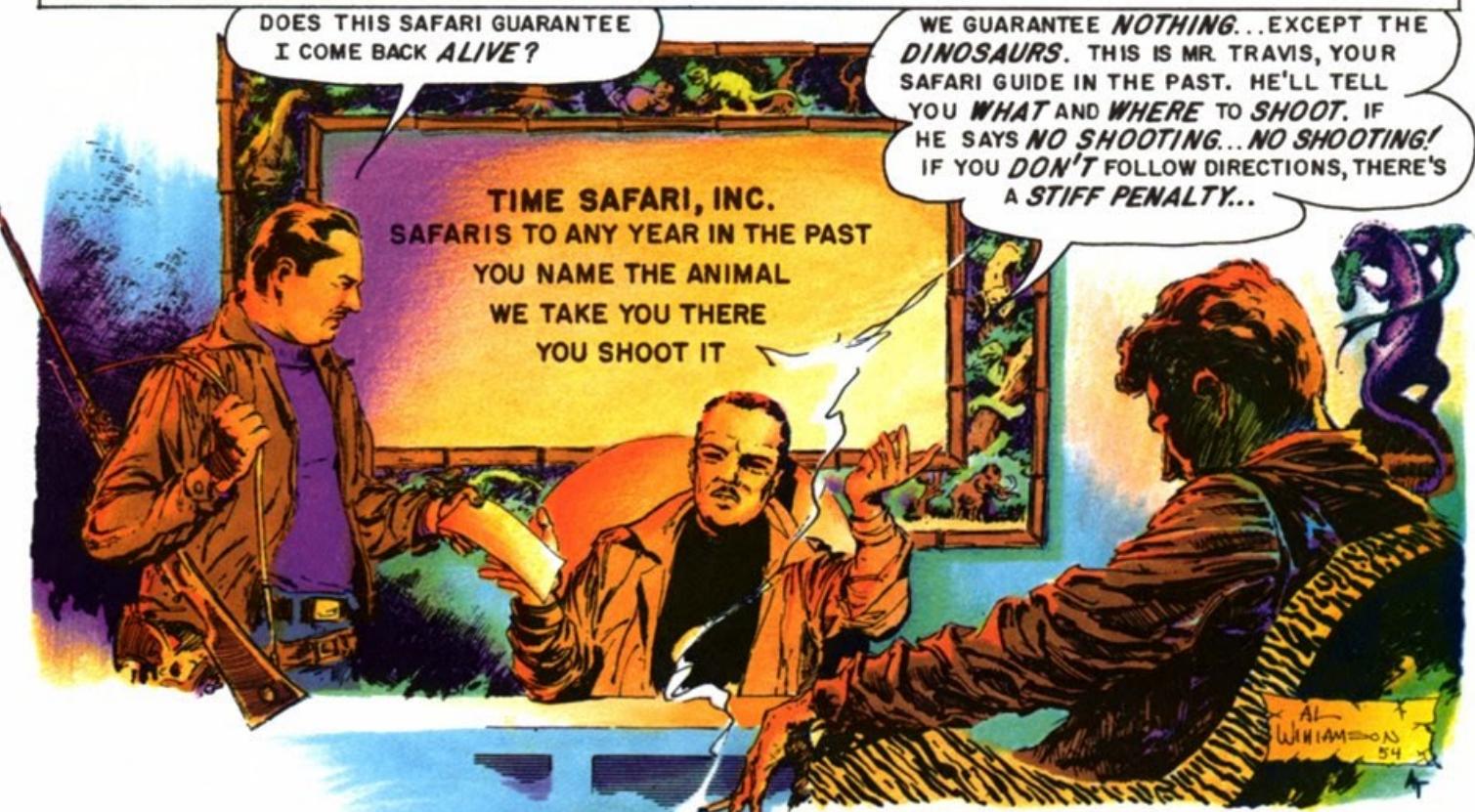
WHAT?





# A Sound of THUNDER

MR. ECKLES READ THE SIGN ON THE OFFICE WALL, SMILED NERVOUSLY, AND HANDED A CHECK FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE MAN BEHIND THE DESK...



ECKLES LOOKED ACROSS THE VAST OFFICE AT AN ARRANGEMENT OF WIRES, GOLDEN BOXES AND AN AURORA THAT FLICKERED LIKE A BONFIRE...

WELL, I'LL BE...! A REAL TIME MACHINE. MAKES YOU THINK. IF THE ELECTIONS HAD GONE BADLY YESTERDAY, I MIGHT BE HERE NOW RUNNING AWAY FROM THE RESULTS. THANK GOD KEITH WON! HE'LL MAKE A FINE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

YES, WE'RE LUCKY! IF LYMAN HAD GOTTEN IN, WE'D HAVE THE WORST KIND OF DICTATORSHIP! PEOPLE CALLED US UR.. YOU KNOW...JOKING BUT NOT JOKING. SAID IF LYMAN GOT ELECTED, THEY WANTED TO GO LIVE IN 1492. OF COURSE, IT'S NOT OUR BUSINESS TO CONDUCT ESCAPES, BUT TO FORM SAFARIS.

ANYWAY, KEITH'S PRESIDENT NOW, SO ALL I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT IS SHOOTING MY DINOSAUR...

A TYRANNO-SAURUS REX. THE MOST VIOLENT MONSTER IN HISTORY! SIGN THIS RELEASE. ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, WE'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE.

TRYING TO SCARE ME? FRANKLY, YES. WE DON'T WANT ANYONE GOING WHO'LL PANIC AT THE FIRST SHOT. WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK SIXTY MILLION YEARS TO BAG THE BIGGEST GAME IN ALL TIME. IT'S THE GREATEST THRILL A REAL HUNTER COULD ASK FOR. CARE TO TAKE BACK YOUR CHECK?



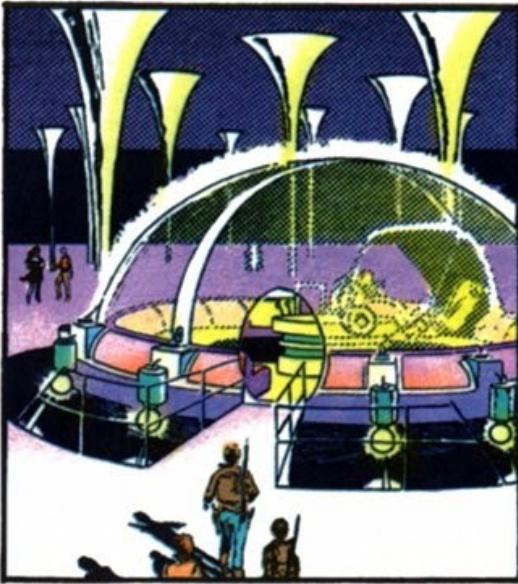
MR. ECKLES LOOKED AT THE CHECK FOR A LONG TIME. HIS FINGERS TWITCHED...

GOOD LUCK!  
MR. TRAVIS!  
THEY'RE ALL  
YOURS!

FOLLOW  
ME... ALL  
OF YOU...



THEY MOVED SILENTLY ACROSS THE ROOM, TAKING THEIR GUNS WITH THEM, TOWARD THE MACHINE, TOWARD THE SILVER METAL AND THE ROARING LIGHT...



FIRST A DAY AND THEN A NIGHT AND THEN IT WAS DAY-NIGHT-DAY-NIGHT... A WEEK... A MONTH... A YEAR... A DECADE. 2056 A.D., 2019 A.D., 1999, 1954, GONE! THE MACHINE ROARED...



ECKLES SWAYED ON THE PADDED SEAT, HIS FACE PALE, HIS JAW STIFF. THERE WERE FOUR OTHER MEN IN THE MACHINE: TRAVIS, THE SAFARI LEADER; LESPER, HIS ASSISTANT; AND TWO OTHER HUNTERS, BILLINGS AND KRAMER. THEY SAT LOOKING AT EACH OTHER AND THE YEARS BLAZED AROUND THEM. TIME WAS A FILM RUN BACKWARDS. SUNS FLED AND TEN MILLION MOONS FLED AFTER THEM. THE MACHINE HOWLED...

GOOD GOD! EVERY HUNTER THAT EVER LIVED  
WOULD ENVY US TODAY. THIS MAKES AFRICA  
SEEM LIKE ILLINOIS.



THE MACHINE SLOWED. ITS SCREAM FELL TO A MURMUR. THE MACHINE STOPPED. THE SUN STOPPED IN THE SKY. THE FOG THAT HAD ENVELOPED THE MACHINE BLEW AWAY, AND THEY WERE IN AN OLD TIME, A VERY OLD TIME INDEED. TRAVIS POINTED...

THAT IS THE JUNGLE OF SIXTY-TWO MILLION TWO THOUSAND AND FIFTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE PRESIDENT KEITH. AND THAT IS THE PATH, LAID DOWN BY 'TIME SAFARI' FOR YOUR USE. IT'S AN ANTI-GRAVITY METAL. IT FLOATS... SIX INCHES ABOVE THE EARTH.



IT DOESN'T TOUCH SO MUCH AS ONE GRASS BLADE, OR FLOWER, OR TREE. ITS PURPOSE IS TO KEEP YOU FROM TOUCHING THIS WORLD OF THE PAST IN ANY WAY. STAY ON THE PATH! DON'T GO OFF IT! I REPEAT: DON'T GO OFF IT... FOR ANY REASON! AND DON'T SHOOT ANY ANIMAL WE DON'T OKAY!

WHY?



THEY SAT IN THE ANCIENT WILDERNESS. FAR BIRDS' CRIES BLEW ON A WIND, AND THE SMELL OF TAR AND AN OLD SALT SEA, MOIST GRASSES AND FLOWERS THE COLOR OF BLOOD...

WE DON'T WANT TO CHANGE THE FUTURE. WE DON'T BELONG HERE. A TIME MACHINE IS A FINICKY BUSINESS. NOT KNOWING IT, WE MIGHT KILL AN IMPORTANT ANIMAL, A SMALL BIRD, A ROACH, A FLOWER, THUS DESTROYING AN IMPORTANT LINK IN A GROWING SPECIES.

THAT'S  
NOT  
CLEAR!



TRAVIS CONTINUED...

ALL RIGHT, SAY RIGHT!  
WE ACCIDENTALLY  
KILLED ONE  
MOUSE HERE.  
THAT MEANS ALL  
THE FUTURE  
FAMILIES OF THIS  
ONE PARTICULAR  
MOUSE WOULD BE  
DESTROYED. RIGHT?



AND ALL THE FAMILIES  
OF THE FAMILIES OF THAT  
ONE MOUSE! WITH A STAMP  
OF YOUR FOOT, YOU ANNIHILATE  
FIRST ONE, THEN A DOZEN, THEN A THOUSAND,  
A MILLION, A BILLION  
POSSIBLE MICE!



SO  
THEY'RE  
DEAD!  
SO  
WHAT?

WHAT ABOUT THE  
FOXES THAT'LL  
NEED THOSE MICE  
TO SURVIVE? FOR  
WANT OF TEN  
MICE, A FOX  
DIES! FOR WANT  
OF A FOX, ALL  
MANNER OF LIFE  
FORMS ARE THROWN  
INTO CHAOS AND  
DESTRUCTION. SIXTY  
MILLION YEARS  
LATER, A CAVE  
MAN GOES HUNTING.



BUT YOU, FRIEND, HAVE  
STEPPED ON ALL THE  
SABER-TOOTHED  
TIGERS IN THAT REGION  
BY STEPPING ON ONE  
SINGLE MOUSE. SO  
THE CAVE MAN STARVES.  
DESTROY THIS ONE MAN  
AND YOU DESTROY HIS  
FUTURE SONS AND  
THEIR SONS... A RACE  
... A PEOPLE... A HIS-  
TORY. ROME NEVER  
RISES. EUROPE  
REMAINS A DARK FOR-  
EST. THERE MIGHT  
NEVER BE A UNITED  
STATES! SO BE CARE-  
FUL. STAY ON THE  
PATH...



THE JUNGLE WAS HIGH AND THE JUNGLE WAS BROAD AND  
THE JUNGLE WAS THE ENTIRE WORLD FOREVER AND  
EVER. SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC AND SOUNDS LIKE FLYING  
TENTS FILLED THE SKY, AND THOSE WERE PTERODACTYLS  
FLYING WITH CAVERNOUS GREY WINGS, GIGANTIC BATS  
OUT OF A DELIRIUM AND A NIGHT FEVER. ECKLES AIMED  
HIS RIFLE PLAYFULLY...



FORBIDDEN! DON'T  
EVEN AIM FOR FUN! IF  
YOUR GUN SHOULD GO  
OFF...

WHERE'S OUR  
TYRANNOSAURUS?

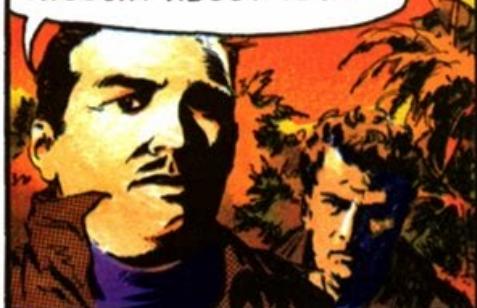
LESPER CHECKED HIS WRIST WATCH...

UP AHEAD! WE'LL BISECT HIS  
TRAIL IN SIXTY SECONDS. DON'T  
SHOOT TILL WE GIVE THE WORD. AND,  
FOR GOD'S SAKE, STAY ON THE  
PATH!



THEY MOVED FORWARD IN THE WIND  
OF MORNING. ECKLES MURMURED...

STRANGE. UP AHEAD, SIXTY MILLION  
YEARS, ELECTION DAY IS OVER.  
KEITH MADE PRESIDENT.  
EVERYONE'S CELEBRATING.  
AND HERE WE ARE, A MILLION  
YEARS LOST, AND THEY DON'T  
EXIST. THE THINGS WE WORRY  
ABOUT NOT EVEN BORN OR  
THOUGHT ABOUT YET...



TRAVIS WHISPERED...

SAFETY CATCHES  
OFF, EVERYONE.  
YOU FIRST  
SHOT, ECKLES.  
SECOND, BILLINGS.  
THIRD, KRAMER.

I'VE HUNTED  
WILD BOAR,  
TIGER, BUFFALO,  
ELEPHANT...  
BUT THIS IS  
IT. I'M SHAKING  
LIKE A KID!



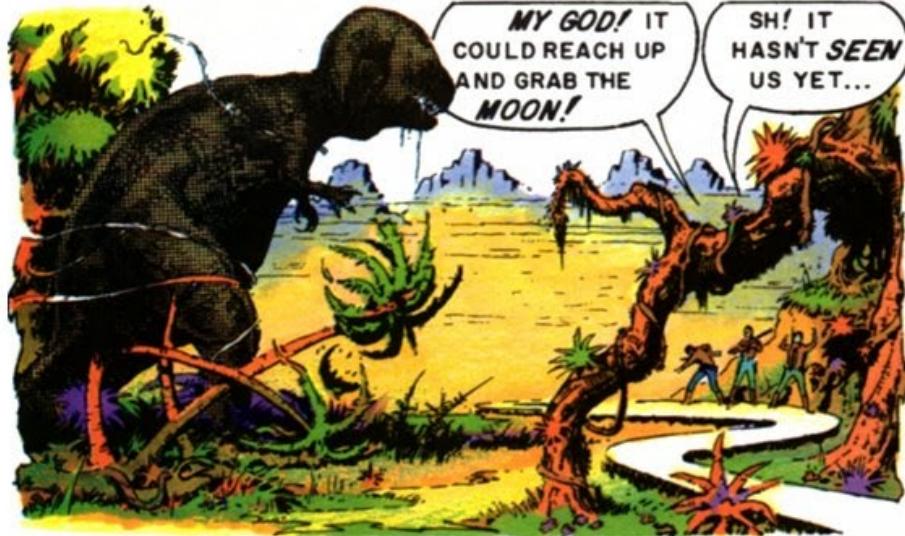
THE JUNGLE WAS WIDE AND FULL OF  
TWITTERING, RUSTLING SIGNS. SUDDENLY IT ALL CEASED, AS IF SOMEONE  
HAD SHUT A DOOR. SILENCE. THEN...  
A SOUND OF THUNDER...



GREAT GOD!  
SH!

OUT OF THE MIST CAME TYRANNO-  
SAURUS REX...

IT CAME ON GREAT, OILED, RESILIENT, STRIDING LEGS. IT TOWERED TWENTY FEET ABOVE TREES, A HUGE EVIL GOD, FOLDING ITS DELICATE WATCHMAKER'S CLAWS TO ITS OILY, REPTILIAN CHEST. EACH LOWER LEG WAS A PISTON, A THOUSAND POUNDS OF WHITE BONE SUNK IN THICK ROPES OF MUSCLE, SHEATHED OVER IN A GLEAM OF PEBBLED SKIN. EACH THIGH WAS A TON OF MEAT, IVORY AND STEEL MESH. AND FROM THE UPPER BODY THOSE TWO DELICATE ARMS DANGLED, ARMS WITH HANDS THAT MIGHT PICK UP AND EXAMINE MEN LIKE TOYS...



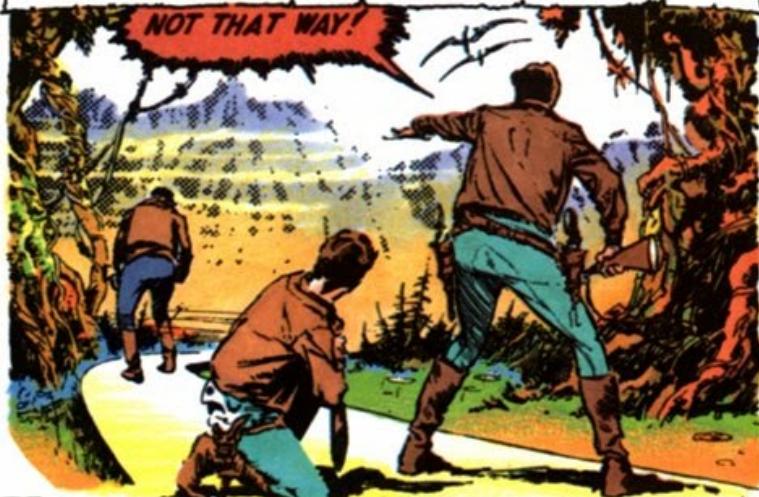
THE HEAD, A TON OF SCULPTURED STONE, LIFTED EASILY UPON THE SKY. ITS MOUTH GAPED, EXPOSING A FENCE OF TEETH LIKE DAGGERS. ITS EYES ROLLED, EMPTY OF ALL EXPRESSION SAVE HUNGER. IT RAN, ITS PELVIC BONES CRUSHING ASIDE TREES, ITS TALONED FEET CLAWING DAMP EARTH WITH A GLIDING BALLET STEP FAR TOO POISED AND BALANCED FOR ITS TEN TONS...



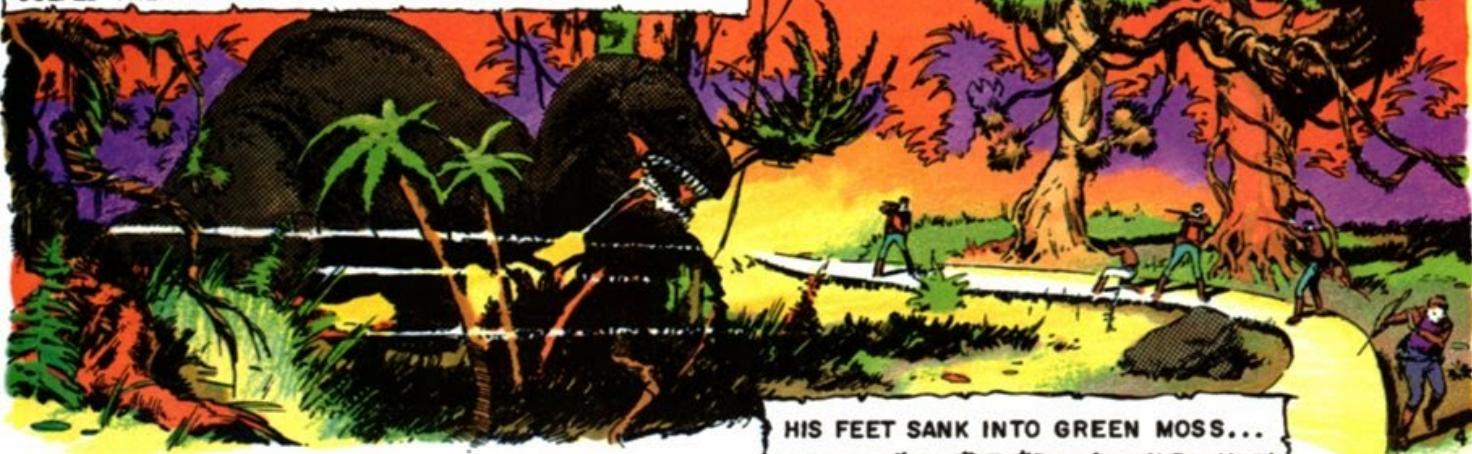
THE TYRANNOSAURUS RAISED ITSELF, ITS ARMORED FLESH CRUSTED WITH SLIME. AND IN THE SLIME, TINY INSECTS WRIGGLED, SO THAT THE ENTIRE BODY SEEMED TO TWITCH AND UNDULATE. IT EXHALED AND A STINK OF RAW FLESH BLEW DOWN THE WILDERNESS...



ECKLES MADE A SERIES OF GRUNTING SOUNDS, AS IF HE'D BEEN HIT, VERY HARD, IN THE STOMACH. HE STARTED OUT... TOOK A FEW STEPS... BLINKING... SHUFFLING...



THE MONSTER, AT THE FIRST MOTION, STARTED FORWARD WITH A TERRIBLE SCREAM. THE RIFLES JERKED UP AND BLAZED. A WINDSTORM FROM THE BEAST'S MOUTH EN-GULFED THEM IN A STENCH OF SLIME AND OLD BLOOD...



THE RIFLES CRACKED AGAIN. THEIR SOUND WAS LOST IN SHRIEK AND LIZARD THUNDER. THE MONSTER TWITCHED ITS JEWELER'S HANDS DOWN TO FONDLE THE MEN, TO TWIST THEM IN HALF, TO CRUSH THEM LIKE BERRIES, TO CRAM THEM INTO ITS TEETH AND ITS SCREAMING THROAT. ITS BOULDER-STONE EYES LEVELED WITH THE MEN. THEY SAW THEMSELVES MIRRORED, FIRED AT THE METALIC EYELIDS, THE BLAZING BLACK IRIS...



LIKE A STONE IDOL, LIKE A MOUNTAIN AVALANCHE, TYRANOSAURUS FELL. THUNDERING, IT CLUTCHED TREES, PULLED THEM WITH IT. A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD SPURTED FROM ITS THROAT. SOMEWHERE INSIDE, A SAC OF FLUIDS BURST. SICKENING GUSHES DRENCHED THE HUNTERS. THEY STOOD, RED AND GLISTENING...



THE THUNDER FADED. THE JUNGLE WAS SILENT. AFTER THE AVALANCHE, GREEN PEACE. AFTER THE NIGHTMARE, MORNING...

THE MONSTER LAY, A HILL OF SOLID FLESH. WITHIN, YOU COULD HEAR THE SIGHS AND MURMERS AS ITS FURTHEST CHAMBERS DIED, THE ORGANS MALFUNCTIONING, THE LIQUIDS RUNNING, EVERYTHING SHUTTING OFF, CLOSING UP FOREVER. THE TONNAGE OF ITS OWN DEAD WEIGHT SNAPPED THE DELICATE FOREARMS CAUGHT UNDERNEATH. ANOTHER CRACKING SOUND. OVERHEAD, A HUGE TREE BRANCH BROKE FROM ITS MOORING AND FELL. IT CRASHED UPON THE DEAD BEAST WITH FINALITY...



THEY CLIMBED BACK INTO THE MACHINE. ECKLES LAY ON THE FLOOR, SHIVERING...

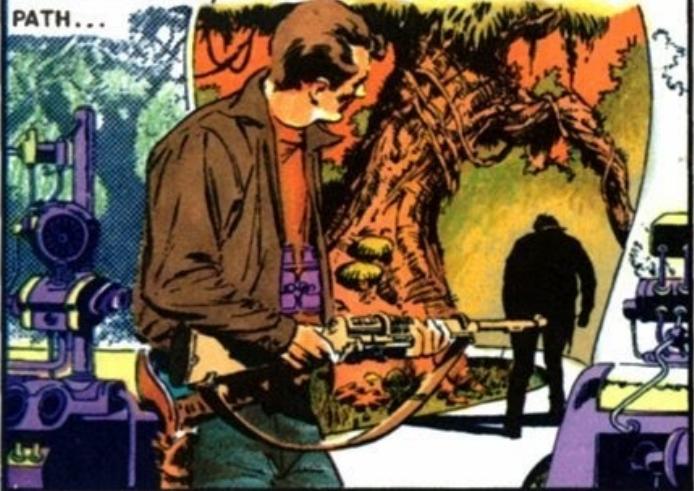
I'M...I'M SORRY! GET UP!



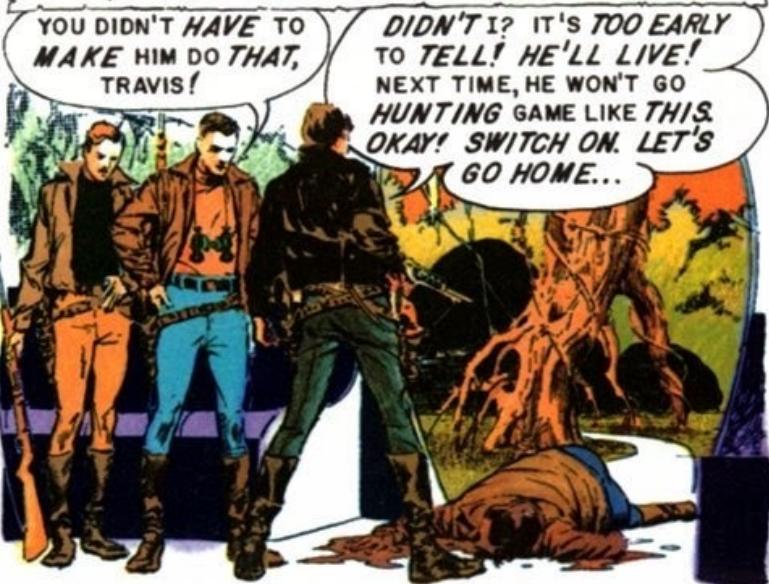
TRAVIS GLARED AT ECKLES' CHECKBOOK AND SPAT...



THE JUNGLE WAS ALIVE AGAIN, FULL OF THE OLD TREMORS AND BIRD CRIES. ECKLES TURNED SLOWLY TO STARE AT THE PRIMEVAL GARBAGE DUMP, THAT HILL OF NIGHTMARES AND TERRORS WHERE EVEN NOW STRANGE REPTILIAN BIRDS AND GOLDEN INSECTS WERE BUSY AT THE STEAMING ARMOR. AFTER A LONG TIME, LIKE A SLEEPWALKER, ECKLES SHUFFLED OUT ALONG THE PATH...



HE RETURNED SHUDDERING, FIVE MINUTES LATER, HIS ARMS SOAKED AND RED TO THE ELBOWS. HE HELD OUT HIS HANDS. EACH HELD A NUMBER OF STEEL BULLETS. THEN HE FELL. HE LAY, NOT MOVING...



1492...1776...1812. ECKLES WAS UP AND AROUND, NOT SPEAKING. TRAVIS GLARED AT HIM...



I JUST STEPPED OFF THE PATH, THAT'S ALL. GOT A LITTLE MUD ON MY SHOES! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, GET DOWN AND PRAY?

WE MIGHT NEED IT! I'M WARNING YOU, ECKLES, I MIGHT KILL YOU YET. I'VE GOT MY GUN READY!



I'M INNOCENT! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING! JUST STEPPED INTO A LITTLE MUD. THAT'S ALL...



1954...2000...2056. THE MACHINE STOPPED...



THE ROOM WAS AS THEY'D LEFT IT. THE SAME MAN SAT BEHIND THE SAME DESK. TRAVIS LOOKED AROUND, SUSPICIOUSLY...

TRAVIS RELAXED. HE TURNED...

OKAY, ECKLES! GET OUT OF THIS OFFICE AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!

ECKLES DIDN'T MOVE...

YOU HEARD ME! WHAT'RE YOU STARING AT?

ECKLES STARED AT THE SIGN ON THE OFFICE WALL... THE SAME SIGN HE HAD SEEN EARLIER THAT DAY WHEN HE'D FIRST COME INTO THE ROOM. BUT SOMEHOW, THE SIGN HAD CHANGED...

TYME SEFARI, INC.

SEFARIS TU ANY YEER EN THE PAST

YU NAIM THE ANIMALL

WEE TAEK YU THAIR

YU SHUTE ITT

ECKLES FELT HIMSELF FALL INTO A CHAIR. HE FUMBLED CRAZILY AT THE THICK SLIME ON HIS BOOTS. HE HELD UP A CLOD OF MUD, TREMBLING...



EMBEDDED IN THE MUD, GLISTENING GREEN AND GOLD AND BLACK, WAS A BUTTERFLY... VERY BEAUTIFUL... AND VERY DEAD...

NOT A THING LIKE THAT!  
NOT A BUTTERFLY!



IT FELL TO THE FLOOR, AN EXQUISITE THING, A SMALL THING THAT COULD UPSET BALANCES AND KNOCK DOWN A LINE OF TINY DOMINOES, AND THEN BIG DOMINOES, AND THEN GIGANTIC DOMINOES, ALL DOWN THE YEARS ACROSS TIME. ECKLES' MIND WHIRLED. KILLING ONE BUTTERFLY COULDN'T BE THAT IMPORTANT. COULD IT?...

WHO... WHO... YOU JOKING? YOU KNOW DARN WELL! LYMAN, OF COURSE! WHO PRESIDENTIAL ELSE? NOT THAT BLASTED WEAKLING ELECTION YESTERDAY? KEITH! WE GOT AN IRON MAN NOW! A MAN WITH GUTS! WE... SAY! WHAT'S WRONG?

ECKLES MOANED. HE DROPPED TO HIS KNEES. HE SCRABBLED AT THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY WITH SHAKING FINGERS...

CAN'T WE... CAN'T WE TAKE IT BACK? CAN'T WE MAKE IT ALIVE AGAIN? CAN'T WE START OVER? CAN'T WE...



THE  
END

THE RAY  
**BRADBURY**  
CHRONICLES



IT BURNS ME UP  
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN  
& MATT WAGNER

TOUCHED BY FIRE  
BY SEAN PHILLIPS

THE BLACK FERRIS  
BY JACK DAVIS

A SOUND OF THUNDER  
BY RICHARD CORBEN

TYRANNOSAURUS REX  
BY GARCES

A SOUND OF THUNDER  
BY AL WILLIAMSON

FRONT COVER BY WILLIAM STOUT  
BACK COVER BY DANIEL BRERETON

A BYRON PREISS BOOK

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